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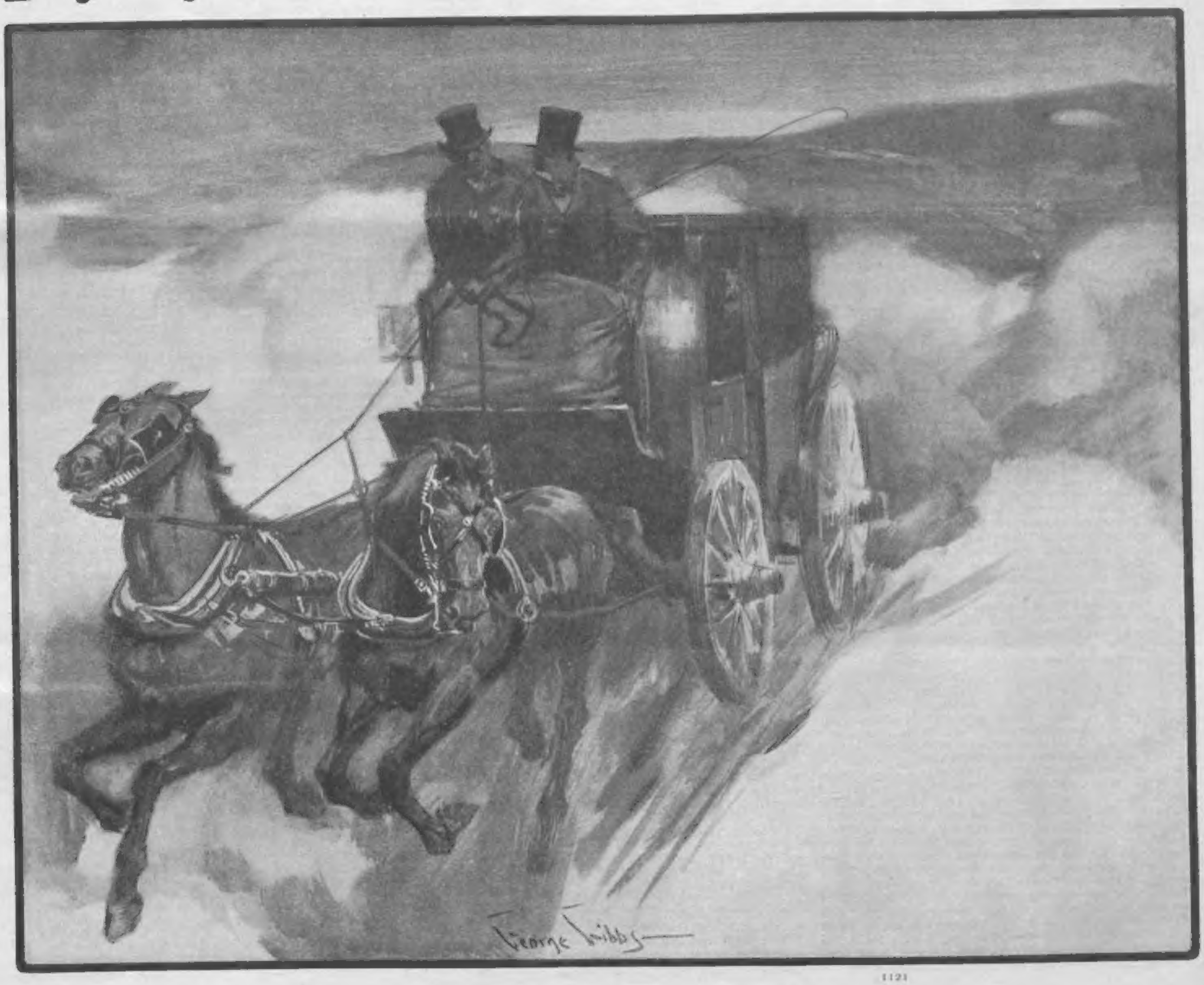
By Joel Chandler Harris



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MR. DOYLE

The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

By Joel Chandler Harris

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I

ON THE first day of April, 1863, young Francis Bethune, of Georgia, sat in the reading-room of the most popular hotel in the capital of the Confederacy the picture of gloom and dejection. The frown on his swarthy face—his features had been tanned by exposure to sun and weather—was deepened by the disordered condition of his black hair, through which, in perplexity or abstraction, he had clawed his fingers in all directions. Though Bethune was strikingly handsome when at his best, the casual passer-by would hardly have guessed it, unless, indeed, the young man's singularly brilliant eyes had invited a close examination.

As he sat there, dejected and unhappy, he could see the Southern leaders passing to and fro before him—Robert Toombs, impetuous and imperious; Ben Hill, impressive and genial; Alexander Stephens, pallid and frail, but with the fires of vitality burning in his eyes. These men were Georgians, and young Bethune knew that the mention of the name of his grandfather to any one of them would be sufficient to enlist his interest; but he knew, also, that the most powerful of them all could render him no assistance in his present difficulty.

He had begun a letter to his grandfather, but had torn it to shreds before half a sheet was finished. The truth is, the young fellow knew that his troubles were of his own making, and he felt that he must depend upon himself. As is the case with many young men, he had been somewhat spoiled in the bringing up. When he was small no one was allowed to thwart him or to stand in the way of his will, save on those rare occasions when his grandfather, losing all patience, gave him over to a severe trouncing. Thus the spirit of independence which he had developed early was overlaid with perverseness. He had entered the Confederate service as a Lieutenant when twenty-one years old, had been mentioned in the reports for gallantry on the field, and later had been elected Captain of his company.

Then, as might have been expected, he shortly found himself at cross-purposes with no less a person than his Colonel, and immediately proceeded to inform that officer what he thought of him in general and in particular. He was saved from the worst results of his insubordination by the fact that the Colonel knew Bethune's grandfather, Meriwether Clopton, and was very fond of him. Instead of organizing a court martial the Colonel allowed the young man to resign.

It was a seasonable experience, and a sobering one. Francis Bethune had a great many fine qualities to sustain him, and he fell back on these instead of giving way to despair. But it was a trying time for the young man. His vanity took wings, and with it nearly all his youthful folly. Yet it was not his native strength that saved him at last, but the thought of two women and a girl. One of these was Sarah Clopton, his aunt, who had been the only mother he had ever known; another was Miss Puella Gillum, a little old maid; and the girl was Nan Dorrington. He had good reason to think of the two women. His aunt had received him in her arms a few weeks after his father and mother had perished in an epidemic in one of the cities of the South Atlantic coast, and had nourished him from his infancy with an affection as absolute as a mother could entertain for her child. The little old maid, Miss Puella Gillum, was not old enough to be ugly and withered; indeed, young Bethune thought she was very beautiful. When he was a boy and after he was far in his teens he used to call on Miss Puella at least twice a week. Before he was twelve, he made these visits mainly to get a cup of Miss Puella's tea and a couple of her flaky biscuit, as white as snow; but when he grew older he went for the sake of spending an hour with Miss Puella, and he always came away stronger and with a firmer purpose to do his duty in whatever shape it came to him.

Yes—there were good reasons why he should think of these women, each so different from the other, and both with such high and noble views of life. But why he should think of Nan Dorrington, that awful hoyden, with a feeling of friendliness, he could not explain. Why should he ask himself what Nan Dorrington would think and say when she heard of his latest performance on the wide stage of folly? He had been expelled from college, and he had good reason for knowing what Nan thought of that, though she was but twelve years old at the time. Now he was practically expelled from the Army, and what would Miss Spindleshanks think of that?

Spindleshanks! He had good reason to remember the name, and to remember Nan, too. He had returned from college, wearing the uniform of a cadet—he was nearly eighteen then—and, as he strutted along through the one street in the small village of Harmony Grove, trying to maintain a bold front, in spite of his inward misery, he heard some of the native humorists laughing uproariously. He was crossing toward the old tavern, and, casting an eye behind him, he beheld Nan Dorrington marching a few paces in his rear, carrying a small stick as a gun. She had caught the young gentleman's swagger to a T, and the whole town appeared to be enjoying the spectacle. He turned suddenly, his face as red as the wattles of a turkey-cock. His anger strangled him and he stood speechless for ten seconds or more.

"Thank you, Miss Spindleshanks!" he cried in a loud voice.

"You're welcome, Blackleg!" Nan replied as loudly, and with that she whacked him over the head with the small stick she carried, and his military cap rolled in the dust.

It was all done like snapping your fingers, and the blow was so sudden and unexpected that Bethune could only stare at the child. His countenance showed anger, but it also betrayed grief and dismay, and as he stood there Nan remembered him for many a long day with bitter sorrow. Her face was very white, and not with anger, as Bethune turned on his heel and went his way.

For many weeks, yes, long months, Francis Bethune hated Nan, and Nan hated him just as heartily, not because he had called her "Spindleshanks," though that term was all the more dreadful on account of its truth, but because (as she explained to herself) he had made her forget that she was a lady.

But Bethune felt, on this April day, as he sat crumpled up in his chair, that everything like hate, or envy, or vainglory had gone clean out of his mind. He thought about Nan as she really was, and as his aunt had described her in letters—a girl of wonderful beauty, living in a world of romance all her own, and yet remarkably practical, too—generous, sensitive and tender-hearted—a womanly nature pitched in a high key in which not a false note could be discerned. All this might be so, as his aunt had assured him it was, but still it did not explain why, in his extremity, his mind had turned to Nan Dorrington.

However—— He was about to pursue some argument or other connected with the subject when his attention was attracted by voices behind him. Apparently two men were holding a sort of half-confidential conversation. They were not whispering, but their voices were pitched in a low key.

Bethune sat with his eyes closed. He had not heard the men come in, and he could not remember whether they were sitting in the room when he arrived or not. Indeed, he was too miserable to try to remember. But what he heard arrested his attention and held it.

"A pass, you say—a pass through the Yankee lines?" The voice of the speaker was charged with astonishment.

"Yes, sir," replied the other; "that's what I said: a pass through the Yankee lines. More than that, it's signed by Old Abe himself."

"Whew!" whistled the first speaker. "Doesn't that seem like treason's brewing on this side? If there's somebody down here thick enough with Old Abe to be carrying on a correspondence, don't you think he ought to be looked after? The favors can't be all on one side, you know."

"Ho, ho, ho! he, he, he!" chuckled the other. He was immensely tickled. "Why, when it comes to affairs of state and matters of that kind, you are not knee-high to a duck. It's like the etiquette of the Code," he went on, his voice becoming more formal. "The same courtesy that exists between strangers must be maintained between enemies about to engage under the Code. And it is so with this bigger duel we see going on before our eyes. Why, there's—but I can't talk; my mouth is closed; I've said too much now. If Albert Lamar had a mind to, he could tell you some tales that would open your eyes."

"You don't mean to say that there's a regular traffic in information and a swapping of passes to carry it on?"

"Oh, fiddlesticks! your suspicions jump farther and quicker than a bullfrog," declared the other with a note of contempt or disgust in his voice. "Take this pass as an instance. What does it mean? Precisely this: that a young woman from Georgia, with kinsfolk in Maryland, has been caught spying. She was arrested by Stanton's crowd, and would have been hanged if Old Abe hadn't taken her out of Stanton's hands. He had her carried to the White House."

"Well, I wonder!"

"Yes, sir! Had her carried to the White House, and either she's giving trouble, or Mrs. Lincoln is tired of the arrangement. Anyhow, Old Abe wants some Southern man to come after and take her through the lines. That's what I'm told, and I got it pretty straight."

"Well, that takes the rag off the bush!"

"Now, do you know what I'd do if I didn't have a family? I'd take this pass, go right straight to Washington, watch for a chance and fetch Old Abe home with me. That'd end the war, in my judgment. If it didn't, it would make a big man of me. It's a mighty fine chance for some chap that doesn't give a red whether school keeps or not."

"That description fits me to a T," said Francis Bethune, rising from his chair.

One of the parties to the conversation arose also. He was the man who had been dealing out the confidential information. "Well—here! hold on, my friend! You are a gentleman, I hope."

Bethune straightened himself and threw back his head.

"My label is on my valise. Where is yours?"

"Oh, folderol! don't fly up. My name is Phil Doyle."

"Mine is Francis Bethune."

"Very good," said Mr. Doyle. "I reckon I've heard of you. If you belong to the Bethune family you ought to know something about the Cloptons."

"Meriwether Clopton is my grandfather."

"Then you can draw on me for all the good-will you want, and good-will goes a long ways sometimes."

"I had no intention of listening to your conversation up to a certain point, and then I listened for a reason that I'll be glad to explain to you at a more convenient place and time."

"In my room, for instance?" suggested Doyle.

"Certainly, and the present time is as convenient for me as any other."

Excusing himself to the friend with whom he had been talking, Mr. Doyle led the way to his room. He was evidently a man of some importance about the Confederate capital, for his apartments were, for that period, perfect in their appointments.

No long time was required for young Bethune to explain to Mr. Doyle his position and his lack of prospects, and the reasons why he was willing to undertake the adventure which had been suggested.

"Do you mean to tell me," Mr. Doyle exclaimed, after the explanation had been made, "that you propose to make an effort to fetch Mr. Lincoln out of Washington?"

"Certainly; what else can I do? Look at my position and prospects."

Mr. Doyle drummed on the table as though lost in thought. Bethune's imagination conjured up the face of Nan Dorrington, and she seemed to be looking at him through a vague mist, not angrily or contemptuously, as was her habit, but with surprise and sorrow.

At that moment there came a sharp rap on the door, and Colonel Albert Lamar walked in.

"Excuse me, Doyle; I didn't know you had company. Why, hello, Bethune!" he exclaimed, recognizing the young man. "What are you doing here? By the by, did you know——" He paused, took his cigar from his mouth, carefully removed the ash with a wooden toothpick, and blew his breath softly against the glowing end. He evidently had something on his mind which he had intended to speak of.

"Did I know what, Colonel?" Bethune asked.

"We'll speak of it later. Tell me about yourself; how you are getting on, and everything; in short, give me the news. A man who has had to sit up all night with a newspaper to see if his editorial articles have been put in right side up, never knows the value of news after it is in print. To print it is to kill it dead. Tell me something fresh; give me the latest scandal. Has General —— been on another jag?"

In answer to his volley of inquiries Francis Bethune told the story of his own troubles, and when he was quite through Colonel Lamar looked at him seriously for some moments and then indulged in a fit of hearty laughter.

"Some folks might think you get your

—a thin young man with spectacles

touchiness from the Huguenot strain; but you don't: you get it from your great-grandfather, Matthew Clopton. Did you ever hear the upshot of his efforts to get justice for Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin?"

"Yes, I have heard my grandfather speak of it," said Bethune laughing.

"What was it?" asked Mr. Doyle.

"Well, the farmers and men with money in Georgia and other cotton States combined to rob Whitney. They managed to get some of the judges on their side, and their scheme succeeded completely. Whitney came back to Georgia to fight for his rights, and he was taken up by your great-grandfather, who had plenty of money. But the courts were too much for him. He got hold of one judge and frailed him out, slapped the jaws of another, denounced a third in a public tavern, and then took Whitney home with him to Shady Dale, where he stayed for some time. Old Matt was a war-horse, so the old folks say."

"He must have been," Doyle assented.

"What was the name of the Maryland lady one of your uncles married?" inquired Colonel Lamar in a reminiscent way.

A barely perceptible smile crept into Bethune's countenance. "Elise, she calls herself, but I think the entry in the Bible is Elizabeth. She went back to Maryland when the war came on."

Colonel Lamar nodded his head two or three times. "How old is she?" he asked.

"Why, she must be thirty-five," replied Bethune, "but the last time I saw her she didn't look older than twenty-five, and her head was just as full of romantic stuff as a schoolgirl's. She said she was going back home to be a Confederate spy."

"Just so," responded the Colonel.

Thereupon, as there was a lull in the conversation, Mr. Doyle informed Colonel Lamar that young Bethune had expressed a desire to go to Washington in response to the invitation implied in the pass which had been forwarded to Richmond.

The Colonel looked at Bethune with wide open eyes, in which there was a twinkle of amusement.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed; "it's quite a coincidence."

"What is?"

"Why, the fact that you should be the man to accept the mission."

"What does it coincide with?"

"With—well, you'll find out when you get there."

"I'm not going after the woman," said Bethune. "It is my purpose to bring Mr. Lincoln back with me."

Colonel Lamar threw his head back and laughed heartily.

"If you do that," he remarked, "you'll have a name in history, sure enough. Old Matt Clopton might have done it, or John Clark, or any of the chaps that flourished in Revolutionary days, but we don't measure up to such things these times. We're half a head too low, or we lack some of the muscles that hold a man's gizzard in the right place."

"Well, I may fail," said Bethune, "but I'm not going with the idea of failure in my head."

"In that case, I'd advise you not to go," Colonel Lamar suggested.

But Bethune shook his head. He had made up his mind; he had counted the cost, and all that he asked was that he should be provided with a companion of his own selection.

"Now that makes the business more ticklish than it would otherwise be," said Mr. Doyle. "Whom would you suggest?"

"Billy Sanders. He belongs to Company B, of the Third Georgia."

"Why, I used to know Billy," remarked Colonel Lamar, laughing. "He's what they call a 'character,' and if he sizes up with my recollection, he's just the man that I wouldn't like to take along on such an expedition. Why, he must be sixty years old, and if he hasn't joined the Sons of Temperance he's likely to get you into trouble. The last time I saw him he was sitting on the courthouse steps in Harmony Grove, telling the world at large that he was the grandson of Nancy Hart."

"Can you have him detailed for special duty?" Bethune asked.

"I can—yes," replied Colonel Lamar, hesitating; "but there's a pass for one only."

"With Billy Sanders along, there'll be no need for a pass," said Bethune.

"Well, you'd betteer take it along as a matter of form," suggested the Colonel. "At a pinch it'll save one of you, but it won't save both."

. . . . . .

And so the matter was arranged. Mr. Billy Sanders, who had for years been overseer at Shady Dale, as the Clopton plantation was called, was overjoyed to be with Bethune once more. He had entered the army to be near the young man, but Bethune's company had been transferred to another regiment, and so they had been separated.

"Dog my cats!" exclaimed Billy when they met, "it's like eatin' a slice of biled ham to git a glimpse of you. They tell me you've been cuttin' up jest like you useter when you was a boy. If I'd 'a' been your Colonel I'd 'a' sent for Nan when you got to cuttin' up—be dogged if I wouldn't!"

Bethune blushed at the allusion to Nan's youthful attack on him, but he said nothing in reply. He simply turned his conversation to the adventure to which he was committed, and canvassed it as far as he could. He had never before consulted with Mr. Sanders on any matter more serious than fishing-rods and hooks, and traps for birds or rabbits, and he was therefore surprised at the shrewd common-sense which the older man possessed. Every suggestion he made was marked by that strange intuition which some men possess in moments of great excitement or peril, and which is the every-day equipment of a few minds. On a large and important field of action and endeavor it is called genius; in ordinary affairs it goes by the name of shrewdness, or common-sense, or foresight.

It would be a very gratifying thing to make a hero of young Bethune, with his black hair, his brilliant eyes and his swarthy complexion, but let justice be done in spite of appearances. Mr. Billy Sanders was a very commonplace looking man at best. He carried a smile on his red and rotund countenance that gave him the appearance of childishness or weakness—and he was childish and weak about some things—but in general this bland and innocuous smile was deceitful.

It was as complete a mask, indeed, as ever man wore. There was an innocent stare in the mild blue eyes and a general air of helplessness about the man that went far to confirm the smile.

The most cunning reader of character would have placed Mr. Billy Sanders in the category of weak-minded people—a helpless countryman, ready to be victimized or imposed upon by any chance comer. But in fact, Mr. Sanders was a man of far different mould and mettle. He was old enough to be a good judge of human nature, and the fact that he was born and bred in the country and had little or no book education had not interfered a particle with the growth and development of those elemental qualities which are the basis and not the result of book education. He had, as it were, good blood and strong bones. His grandmother was as perfect a type of the American heroine as has ever been seen, and "Old Bullion" Benton was named after one of his great uncles, Thomas Hart. One who knew Mr. Sanders well remarked of him: "He looks like a busted bank, don't he—all buildin' and no assets. Well, don't fool yourself. There ain't a day in the year, nor an hour in the day when he ain't on a specie basis."

And yet it was not on account of these things that young Bethune selected Mr. Sanders to be his comrade in his projected adventure. His main reason was that he had known Mr. Sanders, and had been familiar with him all his life. He knew that his old friend could be depended on.

It had been arranged that young Bethune should receive the pay of a Captain while detailed for special service, on learning which Mr. Billy Sanders remarked with a broad grin, "You'll be the Cap'n and I'll be the Commissary." It was when they met with Mr. Doyle to lay out a definite program that the true character of Mr. Sanders made itself apparent. Doyle had mapped out the whole route in the most careful manner, and had reproduced it with the accuracy of an engineer or an architect. Mr. Sanders put on his spectacles, examined it patiently, and asked a number of questions, which were glibly answered. Then, looking over his glasses at Mr. Doyle, he inquired:

"Are you comin' along wi' us to keep us on this track?"

"Well, no," replied Mr. Doyle, somewhat taken aback. "There's no necessity for that."

"Then this conflutement," Mr. Sanders remarked, holding the tracing up and smiling benevolently, "ain't wuth shucks. The paper's so stiff an' onruly you can't even light your pipe wi' it." With that he crumpled the document in his fist and dropped it in a wooden cuspidor filled with sand and cigar stumps.

"Well, I'll be ——!" said Mr. Doyle under his breath.

MR. BILLY SANDERS

"Me too—me too!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders cheerfully. "I'm truly glad you said the word; it helps me more'n it does you, I reckon." He paused and grew a trifle serious, though he still smiled. "I'll tell you how it is, Colonel," he went on; "if you was to come down yan-way where I live at, an' lay off to hunt wild turkeys, an' I was to come an' fetch you a map of the road you oughter foller, what'd be the state an' feelin's of your sentiments? I'll allow the cases ain't the same, but you'd jest as well try to map out the road a bird'll foller when he gits on the wing. Every time he sees a hawk or hears a gun he'll change his course."

Bethune, who had been somewhat vexed at the cavalier way in which Mr. Sanders had disposed of the map, saw at once that the reasoning was sound. Mr. Doyle seemed to see it, too. At any rate, he assented to the proposition without argument, and after some further conversation in regard to the necessary funds, of which he appeared to have an abundant supply, he took his leave. Later, when he saw Bethune alone, he took occasion to pay a passing tribute to the good sense of Mr. Billy Sanders. And it is a fact that, though Mr. Sanders would have been placed in the illiterate class by a census-taker, he had more real knowledge and native sagacity than one-half the people we meet every day. Some such concession Mr. Doyle made to young Bethune.

But Mr. Sanders insisted on having his suspicions of Mr. Doyle. It was in vain that Bethune pointed out how he had solicited the adventure. "That's as may be," Mr. Sanders remarked. "Albert Lamar don't know enough about him to tell us what he's up to. But don't fret; it'll pop up an' fly out, an' when it does I'll put my finger on it an' let you tell it howdy. I ain't afeard of his capers any more'n if he was a hoss, but I want to know what's behind all this corryspondin' wi' the common enemy, as you may say."

Mr. Doyle tried hard to find out by which route they proposed to reach Washington, but Mr. Sanders hadn't made up his mind, and refused flatly to decide until after they had left Richmond. "The reason I ask," Mr. Doyle explained, "is because I have friends who could help you along, and give you assistance at a pinch."

When everything was ready for their departure, Mr. Doyle was informed that they would leave the next morning between midnight and dawn. Shortly after supper he confided to their care a sealed document, with instructions how and where to deliver it. Later, Colonel Albert Lamar saw them, and when Bethune told him about the sealed document, he looked at the ceiling and smoked a while in silence. Finally he remarked:

"I've tried to get under the cover with Doyle, but I can't. He's a head clerk in one of the departments, but I can't find out where he came from nor how he got in. But he's in, and nobody seems to know anything about him."

"As sure as you're born there's something dead up the creek," Mr. Sanders declared.

"Well, on your way to Washington, go to New York," said Colonel Lamar, "put up at the New York Hotel, and make it a point to bow to the head waiter; ask him when he comes to you if his name is McCarthy, then when opportunity offers turn the document over to him. He'll know precisely what to do."

"The head waiter!" exclaimed Bethune, laughing.

"Yes; you won't laugh at him when you come to know him. He's an Irishman."

"Hadn't we better burn the thing now an' be done wi' it?" asked Mr. Sanders.

"No," replied the Colonel; "if the paper's what I think it is, it won't hurt you to have it on you should you chance to be arrested."

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Now, when Francis Bethune and Mr. Sanders were ready to retire—that is to say, when Mr. Billy Sanders was on the point of putting a red flannel cap over his head to keep the

"PARDON ME, SIR, BUT WHERE IS SALEM?"

bald spot from catching cold, there came a gentle tap on the door, a tiny tap, as if some one had knocked with a pencil or a pipe-stem. As the two made no response, but sat listening, the tap was repeated as gently as before. Whereupon Bethune opened the door, and saw a big, overgrown boy standing there smiling as though he were embarrassed. He seemed to be younger than Bethune by a year or two, and the freshness and innocence of a country life beamed on his handsome countenance and sparkled in his black eyes. He handed Bethune a note penciled on a piece of brown writing paper, the kind fashionable in the Confederacy. It read:

"DEAR BETHUNE: The bearer of this is Mr. John Omahundro, a good friend of mine. He calls at my request, and you may depend on him as you would on me. Luck go with you!

"ALBERT R. LAMAR."

—a great change had come over the head waiter

While Bethune was reading this short note, Omahundro, without waiting for an invitation, entered the room, closed the door behind him, and, after bowing to Mr. Billy Sanders, seated himself in a chair. He was evidently not fond of conventions and formalities.

"I saw the Colonel a little while ago," he said, after his name and credentials had been given to Mr. Sanders, "and he asked me to come up and have a talk with you. He says you're going into the North country on account of some business of a man named Doyle."

"That is what Mr. Doyle thinks," replied Bethune.

"Oh, I see!" remarked Omahundro. "Well, that makes me feel better. I don't know what you're up to, and I don't want to know; but I think I know what this man Doyle is up to, and I'll have him run to ground long before you get back. I saw Colonel Lamar just now, and says I, 'Colonel, who's going to leave this hotel between midnight and day?' The Colonel laughed and said it'd be so after a while that cold chills would run up and down his back every time he saw me. 'Who told you about it?' says he. 'Nobody,' says I, 'but I heard a man drop a mighty loud hint a while ago. It's a wonder you didn't hear the echo. I heard him tell the night clerk to wake him up if the men in seventy-eight came down any time between midnight and day. He said they were friends of his and he wanted to tell 'em good-by, and then he took the clerk off to one side and the two of 'em jabbered quite a whet together.' 'That was our friend Doyle,' says the Colonel. 'You've called the turn, color and spot,' says I.

"Well, it was mighty funny to see the Colonel roll the end of his cigar in his mouth. Then, 'Come with me,' he says. He went behind the counter and I followed along. He says to the clerk, 'Oscar, is Doyle a particular friend of yours?' 'Not as you may say particular,' says Oscar. 'Well,' says the Colonel, 'the men in seventy-eight are going away to-night on important business. They're not Doyle's friends, and there's no reason in the world why he should be roused out of bed when they come down.' Oscar seemed to be stumped at this, and he looked as if he was trying to find some way out. So I put in. Says I, 'If they come down before midnight, you don't have to roust your friend out, do you?' His face cleared up at this, and he says, 'No, I don't, for I don't take charge of the desk till midnight.'

"So there you are," Omahundro went on. "Colonel Lamar has paid your bill. I am going a piece of the way myself, and I have two extra horses for Jeb Stuart's use. If you say the word, I'll give you a lift as far as I am going on horseback, and then I'll put you in touch with some of Mosby's men. But to go with me you must start now."

Mr. Billy Sanders sighed, turned and looked at the bed on which he was sitting and patted the comfortable mattress caressingly.

"You'd better hug the pillow," said Omahundro, laughing heartily. "It'll be some days before you'll lay your head on as plump a one." This Mr. Sanders proceeded to do. He took the pillow in his arms and fondled it as a mother would fondle a baby, to the great amusement of his companions.

In twenty minutes the party had passed out of the hotel. On the sidewalk they met Colonel Lamar, bade him good-by, went to a livery stable near at hand, and in a very short time were leaving Richmond behind them as they journeyed toward the front. Two circumstances favored them: the weather was very cold for the time of year—so cold, indeed, that occasionally they dismounted and ran along by the side of their horses to keep their feet warm; and the concentration of Federal and Confederate troops was taking the shape that finally led to the battles of Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg. Their course was in a northwesterly direction after they left the city. Omahundro left Bethune and Mr. Sanders, after making an arrangement whereby they were enabled to purchase two horses which had seen considerable service. In fact, the animals had been turned out to die, but a thrifty citizen had picked them up and attended to their wants so successfully that they showed no evidence of the hard times they had when they went with Stuart around McClellan's army.

Bethune and Sanders made their way to Warrenton, then to Thoroughfare Gap, and thence into what was known as Mosby's Confederacy; then through Ashby's Gap to Berryville, where they were fortunate enough to meet up with three men belonging to Captain McNeill's Rangers, who had been South with a squad of prisoners. McNeill's company operated to some extent in Hampshire County, West Virginia, and it was to this county the three scouts were bound.

Now, Mr. Billy Sanders had from the first insisted that they should make their way to New York by the western route. He had good reason for this. Some of the Harts who used to live in Kentucky had moved to Indiana, and just previous to the war Mr. Sanders had made a visit to that State. He insisted that the Hoosiers talked just like the Georgians—"onless, maybe, they talk a leetle more wi' their nose than we-all do." His program was to go to Ohio, take an eastbound train, and make it known to all who were willing to listen to him that he was going to Washington with his son (Bethune being the son) who had been ill-treated by his superiors because he couldn't show the advance guard of the Fourth Indiana how to wade through a ford on a creek in the State of Tennessee without drawing the fire of Forrest's mounted infantry on the opposite bank, while all the time the water was running like a mill sluice with both gates open. Yes, sirs! And Mr. Hart (the same being Mr. Billy Sander's middle name) was going right to Washington to lay the case before Aberham Lincoln, who would straighten out the tangle, not only because he was a just man, but because the Hart family was as good as any family in Injianny or in Kaintuck, for that matter.

It was a very well-considered program, and it was based on the fact that Mr. Sanders had a secret admiration for Abraham Lincoln. He had read in the papers about the President's humble beginnings, how he studied his books by a lightwood knot fire, and how he had split rails for a livelihood at one period of his career. A hundred times he had remarked to thoughtless persons who were abusing Mr. Lincoln, "He may be wrong in his idees, but I'll bet you a thrip to a gingercake that his heart's in the right place." Being a plain, blunt man, Mr. Sanders made no bones about giving out this sentiment; it was his boast, indeed, that he was ready to "hand around" his views in any company, and those who didn't like 'em could lump 'em.

Mr. Sanders' program, to employ his own expression, "worked without a bobble." This was due mainly to the fact that the year 1863 opened with very gloomy promises for the Union cause. The people of the North were not only gloomy, but indignant. Criticism of the Administration was general, and was marked by a fury which no one but Mr. Lincoln would have been able to withstand. The cartoonists were especially fierce. One of the cartoons that caught the eye of Bethune as they were journeying by train to the East was the figure of indignant Columbia pointing scornfully at the President and advising him to go tell his jokes elsewhere than the White House. The periodical bore a January date, but some one had torn the page away and tacked it up in the smoking-car, where it had remained.

The Abolitionists had not been much mollified by the Emancipation Proclamation, claiming that it had been delayed too long to produce any favorable results on the course of the war. On the other hand, those who were fighting for the Union itself, without knowing or caring much about slavery either as a political or a moral question, were not at all pleased with what seemed to be the surrender of Mr. Lincoln to an extreme faction, and the slave-owners in the border States were denouncing what they described as high-handed robbery.

It should be said of Mr. Billy Sanders that his spirits rose perceptibly whenever there was danger to be faced, or whenever there was trouble in the air. He walked into the office of the New York Hotel humming his favorite air of "Money Musk." He had begun to call Bethune "Honey," and it was all that the young man could do to keep his face straight when Mr. Sanders solemnly undertook to play the part of a fond father.

On their first appearance at the hotel the clerk held them in parley a little longer than was necessary. The house was practically full, he said, and he had nothing but a very ordinary room on the third floor. If they would wait until after dinner, perhaps he could accommodate them then. Mr. Sanders, for his part, said any kind of a room would suit him, provided he didn't have to roost on a pole like a chicken, or squat flat on the ground like a puddle-duck; still, his son had been sleeping out nights in the war, and he wanted the best of everything—not for himself, mind you, but for his son. Then he turned to Bethune:

"Honey, didn't you say that Mack was stoppin' at this tavern?"

"Yes," replied Bethune.

"Well, if we could see Mack, we'd go like we was greased. Do you know Mack?" he asked the clerk.

"There are so many Macks, you know. Which Mack do you mean?"

"A man named McCarthy. We were recommended to him," replied Bethune at a venture.

The clerk drummed carelessly on the counter while you could count ten. "I know a dozen McCarthys," he said; "but anyhow, Mack or no Mack, I'll assign you to a fairly comfortable room. It has been spoken for, and you may have to exchange it for another."

"All right," said Mr. Sanders; "we ain't noways nice 'bout small matters. If there ain't no bars 'cross the winder an' the key's on the inside we'll manage to worry along. Put our names down, Honey. Some gal might come along an' see 'em an' want to swap letters."

So Bethune wrote "William Hart, Salem, Indiana," and under it "Francis M. Hart," with ditto marks under the town and State. "Be shore you git it right, Honey. I've been so shook up wi' the kyars, an' the racket, that if a man was to ax me right sudden what my name is, I'm afeard I couldn't tell him."

The clerk smiled patronizingly, signaled a porter, and the two travelers were assigned to a room on the third floor—the very one, by the way, in which Colonel Flournoy had his interview with Mr. Barnum of the Secret Service.

"Tell 'em to ring the bell good an' hard when dinner's ready," said Mr. Sanders to the porter. "We'll not keep 'em waitin'. What primpin' I've got to do will be done in short order."

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, sir," replied the porter, smiling brightly. "The dining-room is on the floor below. You walk down the stairway and turn to the left."

He went out, closing the door gently. "A right peart chap," remarked Mr. Sanders. Then there came a quick, firm tap on the inside door. "Come right in," said Mr. Sanders heartily. Following the invitation, a tall man, arrayed in evening dress, stepped into the room. His face was smooth-shaven, his iron-gray hair combed away from his forehead gave a pleasing softness to features that would have otherwise been marked by sternness, especially at this moment when they wore a frown of irritation or perplexity. Nevertheless, the countenance of the newcomer was both striking and attractive.

"Why, howdy?" said Mr. Sanders. "If I ain't seed you some'r's I'm mighty much mistaken. Wait! don't tell me. I've mighty nigh forgot my own name, but I ain't forgot your face. Hold on! Did you ever so much as hear of a place called Shady Dale?"

"In what State, for instance?"

"Well, in Injianny, for instance."

The newcomer made no reply to the question, but his countenance cleared up and a faint smile hovered about the corners of his mouth. "I heard a rumor that two gentlemen had been commended to a man named McCarthy."

"The head waiter of this hotel," explained Bethune.

"The head waiter of this hotel," assented the newcomer. "I am the man."

"Well, the gallopin' Jerushy!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders. "Why, you look like you jest come from a ball. Honey," he went on, turning to Bethune, "don't you mind the time when a chap come to the Grove in a rig like that and the boys run him down an' ketch'd him an' rode him on a rail?"

"Where was that?" inquired Captain McCarthy.

"All in the State of Injianny, close to Salem," replied Mr. Sanders. "You can't run me out of Injianny to save your life."

"Good!" cried the head waiter. "And now, who commended you to me?" he inquired, lowering his voice.

"Albert Lamar," replied Bethune.

"A fine man that—a fine man!" exclaimed McCarthy.

It required only a few words to explain their reasons for seeing the head waiter. Bethune gave him the dispatch which Mr. Doyle had intrusted to his care.

"This can wait until after dinner," said the head waiter. "I'll join you here about three o'clock."

"I'm mighty glad to hear you mention dinner," remarked Mr. Sanders gratefully.

"It is ready now," said the other. "Shall I have it sent to you?"

"No, no!" protested Mr. Sanders. "I don't want to be penned up wi' my vittles. When I'm hungry I want elbow room."

"Very well," assented the head waiter, somewhat dubiously. "You'll have to be very careful. This house is under suspicion; there are a number of sharp-eyed Government detectives constantly coming and going. You are sure, before dinner is over, to fall into conversation with one or more of them. You'll have to watch your tongues. The smallest slip will be enough. Should I or the waiter who has charge of your table change your glass of water, it will be a warning to be very guarded. Should the waiter inquire if you would like a dish of fried spring onions, you will know that some one within sound of your voice is very dangerous. You may come down when you're ready."

"Say, Colonel," cried Mr. Sanders as the head waiter was entering the adjoining room, "about them inguns: I'd like a mess on 'em, whether the Boogers ketch us or not."

"Very well, sir," replied McCarthy gravely. On the other side of the door he paused, glanced at himself in the mirror and shook his head doubtfully. "The lad is circumspect, but I'm afraid the old chap is a fool."

In no long time they were in the dining-room, and the head waiter escorted them to the first table on the left of the entrance, where they would be directly under his observation. It was with some difficulty that either Bethune or Mr. Sanders recognized in this obsequious, suave and smiling head waiter the stern and stiff person with whom they had just had an interview. There was no other person at the table, but presently two others came in, one a thin young man with spectacles, who had the air of a divinity student, the other a tall man with Burnside whiskers. Mr. Sanders was sitting at one end of the table next the wall. Bethune was on his left and the divinity student was on his right.

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The Advance of Russia in the Orient

By the Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

AUTHOR OF THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH

THE passionate eagerness with which all Europe has been watching the struggle in South Africa during the last six months tends to throw into the background other questions of not less real and permanent importance, questions which have before now formed the central point of European politics, and which may do so again. Among these is the condition of the always moribund but never expiring Turkish Sultanate. Since another stage in its decadence was marked by the loss of Crete two years ago, the Sultan and his crimes have receded from view, though those who know something about the maladministration and race hatreds in Macedonia, know how critical the situation continues to be there, and how easy it would be for either the Servians or the Bulgarians to light up an insurrection in those regions which would involve all Eastern Europe in the flames of war. Fortunately, the Austrian Government, which controls Servia, and the Russian, which now controls Bulgaria, are agreed in desiring to see peace preserved for the time being; so things remain tolerably quiet, and the only change likely to occur in the near future is the erection of Bulgaria into a kingdom, an access of dignity which Prince Ferdinand is believed to desire and to be steadily working for.

The Progressive Policy of the German Emperor

Meanwhile, some very interesting developments have been going forward in Asia Minor. It is now at least twenty years since the idea of possible German action in that region presented itself to forecasting minds, though under the régime of Bismarck, who was severely practical and averse to new or speculative enterprises, little or nothing was done to push forward such action. By degrees, however, German officers began to be engaged to reform the army system of the Turks, and German capitalists were found at Constantinople pressing for, and before long obtaining, concessions for railways, for mines, and for other large industrial enterprises. The Emperor William the Second has encouraged his subjects to embark their capital in Turkey, seeing in this another market for German industry and another field for German enterprise. His courtesies to Abdul Hamid, which caused some surprise in 1895 and 1896, and which culminated in his visit to that monarch in November, 1898, have usually been attributed to this motive. The Germans have been extremely successful. They have quite superseded the English, who used to play the leading part in the commercial and industrial affairs of the Turkish Empire, for ever since the taking of Cyprus by the English Government in the days of Lord Beaconsfield, and the vehement condemnation of Turkish cruelties by Mr. Gladstone, England has been the Power most odious to the Sultan, while since the Armenian massacres of 1895-6 it has been recognized that there can be no more of such protection given to the Sultan by the English as was given in the old days when England thought it essential to her interests to check the approach of Russia toward Constantinople. The Germans receive from their Ambassador that diplomatic support which is essential in an Eastern court, and they have shown great energy, especially in projecting railways. Recently a concession has been granted to them for extending the railway from Constantinople to Angora, already built by German capital, farther out southeastward from across the centre of Asia Minor and through Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf.

The Balance of Interests in Asia Minor

Russia could not be indifferent to the sanction thus given to an enterprise of such magnitude. Some think that she resisted it. Others, with more apparent reason, hold that she had been previously "squared" by Germany, as it is pretty certain that England was squared by the secret agreement concluded between her and Germany in 1898. It is a first principle of German imperial policy not to quarrel with Russia. Be this as it may, Russia used the event as a basis for the demand to have her right to similar railway concessions in another area recognized; and the Sultan, with much reluctance, has found himself obliged to yield to this demand. He had nowhere to turn to for support, for while France, of course, always supports Russia, Germany, having had her own share, could not in this instance interfere against her, and England no longer comes into question.

Thus there has been effected by these railway arrangements a virtual partitionment of Asia Minor into two "spheres of influence," to adopt the expression which has been used in Africa and in China to mark the acquisition of European claims to territories not yet actually annexed by European claimants. Germany takes the south and southeast of the country; Russia the north and northeast.

Whether Russia will proceed to build the railways which she is now authorized to make may be doubted. Industrial and commercial undertakings beyond her own borders are not an object to her, as they are to Germany, England and France. So far from needing outlets for the employment abroad of her spare capital, like those countries, Russia needs all her own capital, and as much more as she can borrow on easy terms, for the opening up of her internal communications and the development of her domestic industries. The Germans, however, will doubtless make their railway. They have promised to offer part of the capital to be subscribed in France, with the view to propitiating French opinion, and it is believed that the enterprise may turn out a pecuniary success. Much of Asia Minor is so thinly peopled as to present no great prospect of local passenger traffic, but the country is naturally rich, and the Euphrates Valley still richer. At present there are hardly any roads fit for wheeled traffic, so trade finds no outlet. All that there is will in future flow to the railway, which ought, before many years, to produce a powerfully stimulating effect upon these long-neglected regions. It is more difficult to conjecture whether German colonization will follow, yet this is in nowise impossible, for there are already flourishing German settlements in Palestine, and in Germany itself a superabundant population

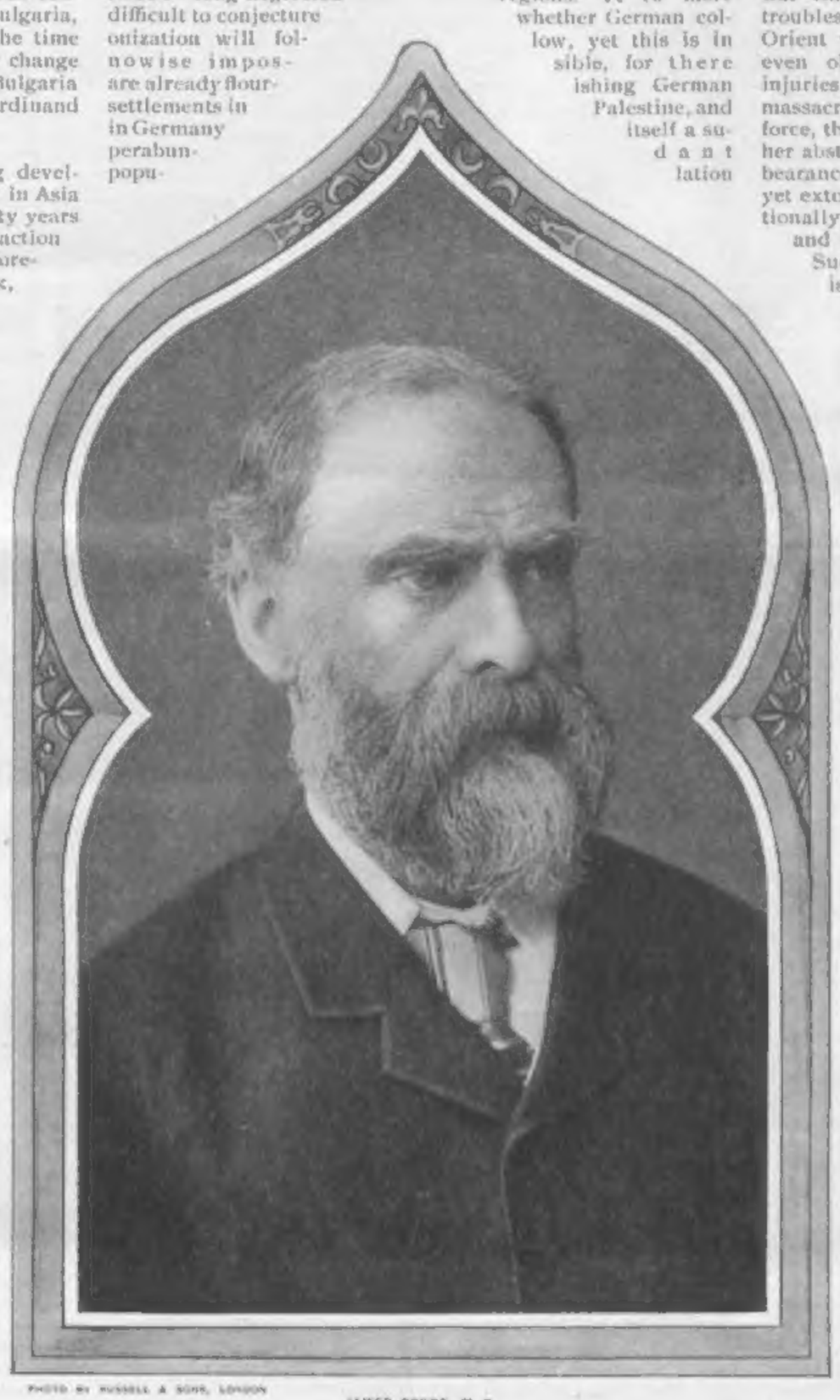


PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS, LONDON

JAMES BRYCE, M. P.

which is always seeking fresh outlets. Anyhow, the German interests which will spring up along the line are sure to give the German Empire a solid and permanent interest in the country, and an effective voice in determining its future when the Sultanate comes to that end which those who know Turkey so fervently desire.

The Passive Strength of Russian Inertia

Russia can afford to wait. She has scored a great success. She has made another of those onward steps by which, more frequently without war than through war, her territory is constantly growing, and her influence extending beyond the limits of her territorial authority. She is now predominant in Persia, a hopelessly feeble State with a vast area and a scanty population. She is also predominant in Manchuria, and will, when her Trans-Siberian Railway has been completed, be able to terrorize China. Across the whole length of Asia, from the Black Sea on the west to the Yellow Sea on the east, she can, when she pleases, add without difficulty many thousands of square miles to her dominions. Having time on her side, she is prudently anxious to perfect her railway system and have some money in hand before she absorbs fresh districts on which much money would have to be spent.

The times have been when such an advantage as Russia has gained by the virtual admission of her influence over the whole northern part of the Turkish Empire would have filled the English with alarm and aroused them to opposition. Even so late as 1878, Lord Salisbury's Anglo-Turkish convention bound England to defend by arms the Turkish frontiers against the Czar. But England is now so absorbed in her South African troubles as to have no thought of those interests in the Orient which were lately held so precious. She has not even obtained compensation from the Sultan for the injuries suffered by her subjects in the Constantinople massacre of 1896. To be sure, she does not wish to resort to force, the only argument which affects the Turkish mind, and her abstention is more easily explained than the strange forbearance of successive American Presidents, who have not yet extorted (as they might easily have done in their exceptionally favorable position) compensation for the outrages and injustices inflicted upon American citizens.

Sudden and startling as this change in English policy is, it is not to be regretted. It had become impossible for England to support the Turks, and it was impossible for her to replace their bad government by a better one of her own. She was too far off—she has her hands already too full in other places. She may see without disquiet the partitionment of Asia Minor between Germany and Russia, for she was not in a position to claim a share, even would it have been to her interest to do so. Egypt, which she has got already, which she has done much to improve, and which she seems now likely to keep, is really a burden rather than a source of strength. The influence of Germany cannot fail to better the lot of the unfortunate Christian subjects of the Turk, nor will she show herself unfriendly to American missions and to Western education, as the Russians sometimes do. And if England wishes to keep Russia from coming down to the coasts of the Levant, the interposition of Germany is, from the English point of view, to be regarded as an absolute gain.

These, however, may be deemed minor matters. The great fact which stands out is the admission which Russia has at last secured of her exclusive influence over the whole northeast of the Turkish dominions, and the acquiescence of her three old antagonists of Crimean war days. France is silent, because she must have the alliance of Russia at all costs. England is silent for the reasons already set forth. Austria and Italy follow Germany, and Germany has got her own share. We seem at last to see, in dim foreshadowings of the future, the outlines of a settlement of that "Eastern Question" which has so grievously perplexed English and Continental statesmen for more than a century.

Quotations on South African Celebrities

THERE are many ways better than reading editorials in the newspapers of telling how a nation esteems its great men. The "button" craze, as American children know it, has attacked England with violence, and the child who has not his chest well plastered with button portraits of the commanders in the South African war might well have Stevenson's words applied to him:

"He is a naughty boy, I'm sure,
Or else his dear papa is poor."

The buttons were all originally a penny, but as the war went on quotations began to be established. "Bobs" rose to three halfpence, and then to twopence. For a brief period he stood at threepence. Baden-Powell made one leap to threepence, and for a time wasn't to be had even at that. Buller was sluggish. He never fell below par, but he never rose above it.

And what price did Methuen bring? His button failed to circulate.

In Ireland, Joubert and Kruger stood firm for some time, but the enthusiasm incident to the Queen's visit to Dublin knocked a considerable bit of the bottom out of the market.

Literary Folk *as they* Came *and* Went With Ourselves

By Elizabeth Stoddard

"What mystery lurks in this retroversion, or
What half Januses are we that cannot look forward
With the same idolatry with which we forever revert!"

Something answering them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.—CHARLES LAMB.

THERE is no profession, perhaps, in which ambition o'erleaps itself as in the literary profession, especially with the writers of verse. Many are called—by themselves; but few are chosen—by the public. Charlotte Brontë's "abundant shower of curates falling upon the North of England" was trifling compared with the rain of poets, ever increasing, which has fallen upon this house. Of the poets since 1860, doubtless some will have a place in Mr. Stedman's new anthology. Among the dead I recall two who, dying young, left some good work: Robert Weeks, of New York, and Charles Luders, of Philadelphia. Hither came the volumes of verse with the "Compliments of the publisher," or the "Respects of the author," many with explanatory suggestions for the benefit of the reviewer, who had been there himself, and therefore was qualified to give all that was due. There was a merit in these numerous books, inasmuch as they were not tomes, but small and thin, so that fifty poets could be packed on the shelf where the ten volumes of Pepys' Diary had stood.

In the room where I am writing the walls are lined with the poets, from Bishop Percy's Reliques to Kipling's ballads, and just now, looking for a book, I happened to see four volumes published by Putnam in 1864, when patriotism was rampant at the North and the South, when the eyes of Blue and Gray were bloodshot with rancor, and so, when the duel was over, and they had achieved such ability as to kill 7000 men in half an hour, the way was prepared for patriotic songs. In one of these volumes, Rebel Lyrics, of two or three hundred pages, I note the names of repute—Gilmore Simms, Henry Timrod and Paul H. Hayne. These songs "fired the Southern heart." In the Lyrics of Loyalty, the names are famous—Longfellow, Lowell, Taylor, Emerson and Holmes. Few have seats in the hall of the immortals.

The whirligig of time has again spun into notice the writings of the best poet of the South, Henry Timrod, who was on the staff of Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, during the war. A new edition of Timrod's poems has recently been published. Another fine poet died recently—Mrs. Mary Bradley. She, with her sister, Mrs. Festetits, has written some sixty volumes of stories for Sunday-school young people. In Mr. Stoddard's review of her poetry he claims for Mrs. Bradley high qualities which he does not find in our American poets—in melody and in order of language; the words seem to come of their own volition. To me, Mrs. Bradley voices the flowers. I quote a few lines:

"With every flower's analysis
He looked into a lovely soul:
Its passion or its pure repose,
Its sorrow or its sin, who knows?
He knew it as he knew the rose."

The trumpeter of Fame she never beckoned to, and so his trumpet has never blown for her the loud blast that is sounding through the land at present, both in verse and prose.

One winter morning, about '51, I met Mr. Stoddard at the Church of the Good Shepherd, and was married to him by the pastor, Rev. Ralph Hoyt, a poet also. Ever since I have occasionally repeated his lines:

"Still sighs the world for something new,
Imploring me, imploring you
For something new.
Oh, hapless world, what will it do
Imploring me, imploring you
For something new!"

Our witness was Richard Kimball, the author of St. Leger. I scarcely looked at him, but felt that he was out of place in the shabby old church, with a great hole in the aisle carpet showing an island of board. There should have been, besides this witness, a couple of robin redbreasts, in case leaves were wanted, for there was small prospect of subsistence for the wedded pair. I returned to my country home, already broken, and to be forsaken. My friends and neighbors said with compassion that they were not surprised that I should marry, but that I should have married a poor man had been considered as impossible, so I was consigned to the poet's garret and its starvation crust. It was not long before Mr. Stoddard followed me, from Boston, where Ticknor & Fields had published his first book of verse. As a presage of his ability in regard to housekeeping, he brought me a present of an expensive tête-à-tête china set. One point to be considered was that his verses were superior to his means. It was all in keeping with our appearances that Mr. Stoddard should come to the conclusion that there was no place more suitable for an impecunious couple than this city; but even then Elijah's ravens were on their way to feed us with their horny beaks. For some time we lived apart; I with my brother in a boarding-house that resembled Mrs. Todger's, though there was no Bailey to serve us. At length we hired the second floor of a house in Henry Street, and went to housekeeping with very small materials.

But all our wiser, loving days began.

At this time there was not so much said about "woman's sphere," and clubs had not yet loomed above our horizon, but all the same I proposed taking up life on philosophic lines, and began to read Comte to Mr. Stoddard in the most positive manner. If Comte was to develop the "religion of humanity," I meant to have some, but it did not seem to reach us helpfully. We had books besides, and had to read them, having little else to amuse us, excepting a small connection with the New York Albion. Mr. Stoddard wrote book notices, dramatic criticisms, and an occasional poem for this paper. The proprietor and editor was Mr. William Young, an Englishman. Is there any journalist of the day who would do such work without an intimation from either side that some recompense would be acceptable?

A less dignified "job" was the editing of a paper, the Yankee Notions—salary $20 a month. I did not hold the pens as Dora did for David Copperfield, but I sat upon the floor and helped Mr. Stoddard patch out the pictures with the text. The character of the paper may be shown by this anecdote with the picture of two darkies meeting. One carried a small coffin and told the other that he was going "black-berrying."

I could not at once adjust myself to the new condition. It was not homesickness, for my old home was falling into "cureless ruin," but the separation from all that I did and had made me lonesome—no more mounts on the dolphin Pleasure, no more sailing parties in summer, sleighing parties in winter—the bowstring of destiny was around my neck. Owing to the little surprise I gave my friends in my marriage, for a time they felt an aloofness that kept them away. The Muses, too, were distant, remaining at home, on the borders of the Pierian Spring.

That summer was a solitude with one agreeable break. The poet-painter, Buchanan Read, upon returning from Italy, had settled in Bordentown with his family. For some time an acquaintance had been established between three young men who met occasionally in New York—Bayard Taylor, George H. Boker and Buchanan Read. As I had not seen any of them, it was agreeable to receive an invitation from Mr. Read to spend a day or two at his cottage. We went on Saturday, to return on Monday. In the cottage was a family in miniature: Mr. Read was small and delicate, Mrs. Read more so, and the two little chicks of children more than both together. The cottage was near the Bonaparte estate. In the afternoon, with Mr. Read, we walked about it. The mansion was in the heart of the landscape, and was then occupied by the son of Bonaparte's intendant, and his wife, who was the sister of Julia Ward Howe. All that nature and art could do was done there. Reading lately one of Lloyd Mifflin's classical sonnets, I recalled that landscape, and, barring the Naiads and the Fauns, it will answer for a description of it; the beauty of the lines I quote should suggest the whole:

"Nor in these valleys where we now recline,
But far beyond those purple peaks that glow
Lies the fair land I love. There winds are low,
There upland streams, dissolving, reach the vales,
And there are groves of ilex and of yew,
Unending valleys and Illyrian dales."

How Mr. Read could withhold his brush from painting those lovely views was incomprehensible. In the morning an admirer of Mr. Read came out from Philadelphia—Mr. Hammersmith, we will say—and most of the hours left us were passed in a discussion between him and Mr. Read on his recent volume of verse, The Closing Scene, and quotations from its reviewer in the North British Quarterly, now from one, and now from the other, always premising with "The critic of the North British says," though both knew that Coventry Patmore wrote the review. Mr. Stoddard was not prompt with his interest in the discussion, and Mrs. Read, a sad, quiet woman, disappeared then, and we came away with a vast impression of the Bonaparte estate. Mr. Read was fortunate to find in a wealthy Philadelphian a patron who bought his pictures and assisted him on his trips abroad. It was not long after our visit that we bade Mr. Read farewell at the Astor House on his way to Italy again for an indefinite time.

Mrs. Read died there; he returned to America, married again, and started for Italy. In mid-ocean he passed the steamer conveying the coffin with Mrs. Read's remains to this country. We did not meet again till toward the close of our Civil War.

The emblems of royalty and beauty of the Bonaparte place faded upon my discovery of a something brooding in our atmosphere separate from Comte and the Yankee Notions. Mr. Stoddard did not share wholly in my fool's paradise; even with the failure of my plan, and expectance of prosperity, my sense of security continued—my bread was good, and my clothes were not worn out. Though of Scotch ancestry, I was not brought up on the "bang goes saxpence" of the Scotch system. I learned in childhood that most of the people in our village lived differently from my people; several experiences taught me that, though there was little or no sense of caste then. I do not forget my introduction to a slice of bread and molasses, which the mother of one of my schoolmates gave me when she took me to her home at recess.

One day Mr. Stoddard mentioned that he was going to Concord to visit Mr. Hawthorne, and went. He found Mr. Hawthorne all that was agreeable. His son Julian was playing about the study table, a little, handsome boy, with no disposition to mind what was told him. When Mr. Stoddard asked for Mr. Hawthorne's influence in obtaining a place in the New York Custom House, with his college friend, General Pierce, then President, this influence was cheerfully promised, and a few days after Mr. Stoddard's return, Colonel Whipple and Senator Atherton, of New Hampshire, appeared in New York to give advice and direction. Mr. Stoddard went to Washington with a passport which let him into the White House early one morning. President Pierce received him kindly, wrote a brief note to Mr. Bronson, the Collector, and "hey, presto!" Mr. Stoddard was appointed to the debenture-room in the Custom House, where he remained as the "head" of it for sixteen years, despite the title of "copperhead" which somebody gave him, believing he sympathized with the South. I soon paid him a visit. The debenture-room was dingy and stony, and full of fifteen or twenty old men who arose to their feet as if a gay and giddy butterfly had sailed in. They were rheumatic and knotty, lame and halt. One could not help thinking of some lines of the slim, boyish figure whom they surrounded:

"We are bent with age and cares,
In the last of our gray hairs,
And we lean upon our staffs,
Looking for the epitaphs;
For we are the last, the last
In the ruins of the past."

It is to be hoped that they were not thinking of the epitaphs of the four years' rotation. For me, I was as sure of my share of the appointment as if it was a sinecure.

We rented rooms in Henry Street from the owners, an old man, sickly, and an old woman in black bombazine, whose mission in life was to nag and to complain; in appearance she resembled Sairey Gamp's invisible friend, Mrs. Harris.

With the first month's stipend of the customs gold we moved. It had been one of our cheap pastimes to walk "around," of afternoons and early eves, and on one of our strolls we had discovered an old wooden house, white, with green shutters, in Sands Street, Brooklyn, below St. Ann's Church, with its lawn and trees which stood where the piers of the Brooklyn Bridge now stand. The house belonged to a cheery old sea-dog; it had an old-fashioned garden, neglected, but lovely with its lilac bushes and great red clumps of peonies, and that dear vanished rose, the damask. I liked to step in the fallen leaves and weed out the dry stalks; there was scarcely a modern blossom in the garden. I was delighted to discover one day a flower of my childhood—London Pride. Does anybody see London Pride in these days? The most athletic plants were the rows of hollyhocks by the back paling. They seemed a "reserve," to be called out if the other flower cohorts should fail.

We tried to take up housekeeping in good form. Continuing our vesper walks, we aimed for the shop windows to get ideas. The china shops were trying, but, with much looking, twenty-five dollars' worth of white china, with a band of gold on the edges, was purchased. Its shine was beautiful, but it did not conceal our three-pronged forks.

MRS. STODDARD—from an Old Daguerreotype

There were waits between the things we bought. The next was a Brussels carpet of superior sort, with enormous scrolls, and leaves unknown to Nature. Its colors were so brilliant it warmed the feet when stepped on. After that came chairs with green "reps," and two great bookcases, finer than all the rest. We little thought then what demoniac behavior these would show. Then I bought an account book. These first month's expenses were out of proportion; for instance:

Grocer		Sundries	
One-half pound of tea,	60c.	Dentist,	$2.00
One dozen eggs,	13c.	Hoops,	3.00

Living was cheap then, and more simple than now. Our rent for two parlors, bedroom and kitchen was $300; porter-house steak eighteen cents a pound, and Alexander's gloves seventy-five cents a pair. Clothes came to stay then. A winter bonnet was worn all winter, and a summer bonnet all summer. My housekeeping seemed mean in comparison, and at home we should have called it "small potatoes"; for instead of my cellar being filled with winter fruit and vegetables and other provender, and the buttery always full and its row of great milk pans armored with cream, I bought food by the pound and quart, and a can of milk a day for four cents. I brought a servant from New Bedford whose sisters had served in my family, and I remember her look of scorn, especially at Thanksgiving, when only a quart of cranberries came in, and we had but one pumpkin pie. I am sure that cooking is a gift, like poetry. This young girl was a perfect cook, and her wages were six dollars a month. I have never found her equal. At the end of the year she left me, having a prejudice against mothers-in-law, and mine was expected to join us.

Ah me! Sands Street is in my memory, as it was in fact, an oasis; there were no Arabs to steal away with one infesting care. I sometimes felt a little impatience, being alone so much, for, like Jane Eyre's Rochester, I wanted to be "gregarious," and I still missed the open door of the country, where there are so many interests in common—that cheering gossip, which, being transferable, nobody is responsible for. The monotony was soon to be broken. Mr. Stoddard came home one day with an invitation to dine out the next evening. He had met a whilom acquaintance, an enterprising man, who affected literature, had been a Unitarian minister, and at present was the editor of a campaign Democratic newspaper. He was a Bohemian at heart, but I do not think that he patronized true Bohemian life. He had been very kind to Mr. Stoddard, and believed in him when he was little known. Mr. Barton, as I will name him, was now married, he told Mr. Stoddard, and his wife would welcome me. General George P. Morris was to be at the dinner, and some other General whose name I have forgotten. Certainly I wished to go; had I not wailed at the piano, and begged the woodman to spare G. P. M.'s tree? The visit was a thing to remember, and we spent the night.

We arrived first. Mrs. Barton, I soon learned, was a refined, amiable woman with literary intentions. The inside of the house looked as if the occupants had lately come in, or were going out. Mr. Barton presently came in with a market basket and his two Generals, and we sat down to dinner in a small basement room. Mr. Barton's son, a little boy, waited on the table, and his first feat was to tip a plate of soup over the sleeve of my new dress. The dinner was a good one, if it was partly out of the market basket. Mrs. Barton and I left the table and went to walk among the trees and boulders, and after slipping over the latter, went back, and General G. P. Morris was kind enough to sit by me and converse on his poetry. The "woodman's tree" was not "spared," and by implication I understood that *he* was the power on the Home Journal, instead of Willis, and that he was the New York correspondent of a Liverpool paper, and all the time I was thinking he was not a poet. I think he affected a military bearing. I never saw him again, but I heard that he had all his poems beautifully bound, and kept them on his centre-table.

When we began to have fires in our parlor grate and the evenings grew longer, the Muse crept in. It was then that Mr. Stoddard wrote the poem which has taken the most frequent and the longest journeys of any of his poems:

"There are gains for all our losses."

I cannot say whether it was from sympathy or the fervor of poesy, but I, too, attempted to be an Arcadian. I began some verses which cost me infinite strivings and labor, and I never forget the sublime patience of my fellow-poet as I produced a line and read it. He did not ridicule me, or laugh at me, but let me do it. At the proper time and occasion he was the severest critic, and his fiat of "This won't do" *was* final. Looking over some papers lately these verses appeared, and I offer a sample as an object-lesson:

"My goldfinch chirps in his dreams;
The white lilies droop in the odorous air,
My dog is asleep in his master's chair!"

"*The roar of the river comes up to my ear*
Ere day in my depths of misty brine
The black hulks of the ships will plummet-like sink,
And the white hands of the drowned in the weeds entwine;
Still the living over its bosom float
And the distant lights of the city shine!"

Some weeks before this effort, Paul Hayne, a budding poet then, the nephew of the Hayne of the Webster notoriety, and the editor of a Southern literary journal, came here on his bridal tour and paid us a visit. They were like a couple of children, and the first of our "carriage company," disdaining to walk at all. Mr. Hayne lost his fortune in the Civil War. I had the temerity to send these verses to him, and he not only accepted them, but sent me a check for six dollars, and an apology for its smallness. I am afraid I owed it to his respect and admiration for Mr. Stoddard. We were now beginning to learn what Shakespeare wrote: "There's more that knows Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows." Mr. Stoddard kept up a favorite diversion of frequenting the old and new book-stores and the publishers. At one of them he was introduced to Rev. William C. Richards, who had deferred preaching for a matter of business, and had come to New York as an agent and buyer of books for Southern libraries. He had brought his family, and had taken a house in the newly built-up, or half built-up, Eighteenth Street, off Second Avenue. There was nothing to be done but that Mr. Stoddard should bring me that very evening to see Mrs. Richards and a few friends, and we went. The moment we entered I saw there was to be no formality. Chairs were being brought in from upstairs. As Mr. Richards was a most hospitable man, I think more came than were expected, but it made no difference to Mrs. Richards. She was so affluent herself that the shade of poverty fled from her, though I doubt if Mr. Richards knew then where the next month's rent was to be found. He was a very different man from Mr. Barton, but there were the underlying traits of the adventurer and the spirit of restlessness. Among the company was Alice B. Neal, sister of Mrs. Bradley, her sister-in-law, whose friendship was ended by death only recently. Miss Caroline May, a poetess, the author of several volumes of verse, was another of the guild. She sang for us The Long, Long, Weary Day. There was also a very beautiful young girl, related to the Hayne family, who then had an infatuation for Gottschalk, the pianist, and was stage-struck besides. "It was her own choice," she said afterward, "to join Mr. Gottschalk." She failed miserably on the stage, but I know she had great kindness of heart. She had some means and helped the needy; indeed her death was from an act of kindness. She took an ailing dog belonging to a friend to nurse, and died from hydrophobia. I have one more guest to name who came in late: G. P. R. James, who was then English consul at Norfolk; a sturdy, thick-set Englishman, who lightly bore the weight of his novels and "their solitary horseman."

This was my first reception where Mr. Stoddard was a "feature." He was never much of a success as a *lion*; in looks he was well enough, but his roar was small. I may remark here why this was interesting to me, from the fact that the Southerners there knew his work. He was more read in the South then than he was in New England, and always, I believe, the Southern writers came to see him, and wrote to him more than Northerners did even then. One thing I noticed with the former, that they spoke of each other as "gentlemen," not as "men," and that most of them had a touch of the negro dialect.

In an earlier visit to New York a friend had taken me to Miss Lynch's Saturday Evenings in Ninth Street as a looker-on of the literary, artistic, musical creators, such as could not be seen elsewhere, and which made those evenings celebrated. When quite young Miss Lynch was the governess of Professor Horsford's daughters, and when talking together of a career, hers was to be exactly what it proved to be as Miss Lynch and Mrs. Botta, for she was the only one in New York who held a *salon* from forty-eight, or thereabouts, till ninety-four. The house on Ninth Street was let to lodgers, excepting the rooms she and her mother occupied. The receptions were on the first floor. We took our wrappings off in a narrow extension, placing most of them on the floor. My friend expressed a wish that I should meet at her house two young men: Bayard Taylor, and one whose dramatic notices and poems I had seen in the New York Albion, whose name was R. H. Stoddard. Neither appeared, so my imagination was left at large to invoke the figure as I wished it to appear. When I went to the theatre I selected the handsomest, best-dressed dandy in the pit as the probable dramatic critic. When the real person came in view the ideal dropped out entirely.

Nobody knew how Miss Lynch achieved her purpose. She was not handsome nor brilliant, and was poor. At that time it was said she had petitioned every member of the Congress then sitting for a pension on account of her father's services as a purser in the Navy; and she got it. After this it was discovered that she was heir to some land in the West, purchased as waste land, and built upon till it became a part of a city, and valuable. It brought fortune to her, and she bought a handsome house in Twenty-fifth Street, quite uptown then, and married the Italian Professor Botta. She continued the receptions on a larger scale, but the same, except that Professor Botta introduced a punch bowl in the hall window. It was his chief duty to walk about and ask the company if it had had a glass of "poonch." It was not usual then to do anything to amuse us, but once I heard Mr. Story read a poem of his, in silk stockings and pumps, and all the time I was thinking of the stories one of his college chums used to tell me of "Bill Story's" capers, and of my brother's meeting him in Gibraltar, where Mr. Story induced him to buy an enormous deerskin overcoat which he didn't want; but Mr. Story was all that was charming.

At Mrs. Botta's in the years following I met great generals, actors, artists, musicians and travelers—one lion to a reception, and a band of admirers. As a whole, the "upper ten," now diminished to "four hundred," avoided Mrs. Botta's receptions. It may have read books, but writers were ignored. "Society" has never recognized the literary class here. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Botta did not write her recollections; they would have given her more distinction than her poems brought. Her record is one of kindness, and she gave her help to the struggling artist and writer of her day.

A very different woman held receptions for a season, Mrs. Caroline Kirkland, having made a reputation in the West by her New Home; or, Who Will Follow? and other stories, came to New York on a new venture, to edit the Union Magazine. She was that sort of woman of whom people say, "She knows her own mind." When I entered her crowded rooms and heard that continuous talk—roar—I felt my old scare at celebrities creeping over me, and when Mrs. Kirkland accosted me in regard to the foolishness of my marriage, the trepidation was complete. I could not quite say, "What are you going to do about it?", But she was a person of strong sense—a business woman and an able one. When she went to Europe she proved the latter by engaging Bayard Taylor to edit her magazine for twenty dollars a month. What would Mr. Glider or Mr. Burlingame think of such a salary? When the late George Putnam started Putnam's Magazine he also started receptions at his house in Sixteenth Street. Mrs. Kirkland encouraged him by saying that his new carpet was the handsomest in New York. We all looked at it and agreed with her. Mr. Putnam gave us most excellent coffee downstairs—an agreeable innovation.

With this group I have two more women who entertained in this fashion: Mrs. Elizabeth Oaksmith, who died at the age of eighty-seven, in 1893, at Hollywood, North Carolina, and Mrs. Cleveland, the sister of Horace Greeley. Mrs. Oaksmith was our first woman lecturer, and a fluent writer. In the opinion of the critics of the day, Poe, Hoffman and the prominent writers, she gained a "national reputation." At sixteen she married Seba Smith, the author of Major Jack Downing's Letters, but, not liking the name, obtained from the Legislature a permit to change it to Oaksmith. Mr. Smith refused to add the Oak, as plain Smith "was good enough for him." Mrs. Oaksmith lived here a short time, and I met her with her sons grown about her. She was, as a true biographer ought to say, "of aristocratic mien"; handsome, and one whose will never bent except for her own purpose. Appleton Oaksmith, handsome like his mother, made a stir in our war time. He ran slaves into places where he expected to be safe. It was said he scuttled one vessel with two hundred slaves, while he escaped on his consort ship. He was captured at Fire Island while waiting for a bark to be fitted out as a slaver, and was put in Fort Lafayette, Fort Warren and the Boston jail. His escape from the last made a furor. After the war Appleton was prominent in the South, and died some years after. From here they moved to Patchogue. Mr. Smith died there in 1868, and Mrs. Oaksmith refused to go to his bedside, and when she was brought there for burial there was not a single mourner.

It strikes me in this account of Mrs. Oaksmith I have done more for morals than I have for literature; but to me, with the exception of Charlotte Cushman, she was the most striking woman of the day.

MRS. STODDARD IN HER LIBRARY

Not a Question of Evidence

By Elizabeth Phipps Train

IT WAS the "rush" hour at the elevated railway stations. Swarms of passengers pushed, jostled and crowded each other in their frantic efforts to secure accommodations in the homeward-bound trains after the weary working hours of the day were over.

As I felt the crowd surge upon me I set my teeth and vowed by all my gods that they should not prevail to dislodge me. A moment longer, I whispered encouragingly to my failing forces; only a moment—and then, as I was about to mount into the car, a heavy man came jostling so violently against me as nearly to throw me beneath the wheels. Completely out of temper, I gave vent to an angry outburst, and turned to confound the offender with a glare, when to my astonishment I perceived him to be no less a person than Schuyler Newbold, and to my mortification discovered that he was making a very unmistakable attempt to elude my notice by escaping into the adjoining car. As, however, in turning, I caught his glance, he flushed somewhat confusedly, lifted his hat, and, abandoning his intention, murmured a word or two of awkward apology for stumbling against me, and followed me to a seat.

"Has anything happened, Mr. Newbold?" I asked, as we sat down together. "You don't seem yourself. I even think you are bored at having to join me."

Perhaps my remarking upon his abortive effort to escape recognition was not in the best possible taste, but, to tell the truth, I should have perceived another man's attempted avoidance of me with positive indifference compared with the pique which his action inspired. Although I could not flatter myself that Schuyler Newbold could be justly reckoned among the number of my professed admirers, a number which, as in the cases of most young and handsomely jointured widows, was neither small nor of entirely insignificant quality, yet there was among the lot none who so interested and attracted me as this man, of whom I knew and saw less than of any of the others.

I had met him now and again in society, in good, if not great, houses, had heard him spoken of by his associates as the type of a successful self-made man, had received him occasionally in my own house, and had gone greater lengths, perhaps, in the endeavor to make myself agreeable to him than I was commonly disposed to do. And lately it had seemed to me that I was not wholly indifferent to him.

He received my remark with such obvious embarrassment that I could not refrain from scrutinizing him rather closely.

"I—er, to tell the truth——" he stammered, twisting his brown mustache with nervous fingers, "well, to be quite frank with you, Mrs. Allaire, I did want to see a man in the other car."

He did not meet my glance as he spoke, and I knew what he said was a mere fabrication, a subterfuge invented by way of excuse. The thought that he was deceiving me made me furious. I shrugged my shoulders, and in a white heat turned my face to the window, saying coldly:

"How useful a part that other man plays in the lives of your sex! The feminine headache and the male acquaintance of doubtful identity!"

He did not reply at once. His unresponsiveness provoked my curiosity, and I turned and looked at him. His eyes were fixed upon me with a singular intentness. I could not fathom their expression, so varied were its elements. Tenderness, regret, remorse, compunction, despair—all these seemed parts of it.

"You accuse me of prevarication," he returned in a low, uncertain voice, coloring to the roots of his hair. "Well, you are right. My man in the other car was one of straw. I had my own reasons for avoiding you—reasons which—— But I cannot recount them to you. They are natural enough under the circumstances, but you—— I could scarcely hope that you would feel them either acceptable or satisfactory."

There was a curious cadence in his voice which matched the strangeness of his glance. It sounded like shame mingled with contrition, and even tinged with recklessness. As the flush of discomfiture faded from his face I noted that it left his countenance sadly white and drawn. Plainly he was most miserably out of sorts, and the effort of sustaining a conversation upon the simplest topics proved to be beyond his powers. Our residences lay not far apart, and we got out at the same station, he accompanying me courteously to my door. As we walked along side by side his mood of dejection and gloom made so powerful an impression upon me that I was urged by a strong movement of solicitude to extend a helping hand to him, feeling that the moral effect of my good will might be of some value to him even if practical cooperation were denied me.

I shall never forget the look he turned upon me when, somewhat hesitatingly but with great earnestness, I touched upon his apparent trouble and made the proffer of my sympathy, and even of my help and assistance, if such could avail. A woman is not always mistress of her intonations. I had not meant that mine should convey a more intimate degree of concern than I would exhibit toward any acquaintance, but I knew, even as I made the effort to control it, that my voice demonstrated a subtle tenderness and compassion which no merely casual friendliness could have inspired.

"No," he answered slowly, dropping his miserable eyes, from their swift inspection of my face, to the ground, and drawing his under lip sternly in between his teeth, "a woman's help cannot avail in a case like mine, and her sympathy—your sympathy—— May God prevent my becoming quite such a hound as to take advantage of that."

We had reached my doorstep. I held out my hand with a gesture full of meaning.

"Mr. Newbold," said I, "I have no right to trouble you further with my inquiries, and I do not wish to seem persistent. But a woman's help is not always to be despised. We sometimes——" I hesitated. I was treading on delicate ground, as I knew, and it behooved me to move discreetly—"are complete mistresses of our properties; frequently we have funds lying idle; we often are in search of good investments, and, tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, occasionally we are capable of keeping our own counsels. I know that there are times when temporary loans——"

He broke in upon me with almost violent deprecation.

"Don't, Mrs. Allaire! Don't, I beg of you!" he cried, his face grown white and working strangely, his eyes full of passionate self-upbraiding, "not that! If you only knew! When you learn——" He stopped short, and for an instant looked me full in the face, then turned on his heel. "Good-by," he said huskily; "good-by. I shall not ask you to think kindly of me if we do not meet again. That, perhaps, would be too much to expect. But I will ask you, for the sake of a man who has done his level best and failed, to think as well of me as you can."

I ascended to my chamber to lay aside my street gown, with my mind brooding upon Schuyler Newbold and the mystery of his manner and conversation. I submitted myself to the hands of my maid in silence, which was respected by her until a sharp exclamation on my part drew a "*Plait-il, madame?*" from her lips.

"My purse!" I cried, having plunged my hand into my pocket in search of that article, only to find it gone. "It has been stolen, Julie, and with it five hundred dollars that I drew this afternoon from the bank. But—why, what is this, Julie? Look here!"

Mistress and maid, two curious and excited women, leveled to the same rank by a common impulse, held to be the dominant characteristic of our sex, we bent our heads together over the object which, in lieu of my purse, I had drawn from my pocket—a large, massive gold band, into which was sunk a huge, and apparently magnificent sapphire.

"*Mais, madame, c'est la bague d'un monsieur!*" exclaimed Julie. "*Vraiment, c'est la bague d'un géant!*"

"And how, in the name of all that is mysterious, came it in my pocket, Julie?" I cried, gazing at it in stupefaction. "It must have slipped from the finger of the scoundrel who robbed me. Stolen by him, I suppose, from some one else."

Julie at once approved my penetration.

"*C'est bien ça, madame,*" she coincided, with a duck of her sleek head.

I must confess that, notwithstanding my interest in Schuyler Newbold and his unhappy circumstances, my own fortunes or misfortunes—as one chooses to consider an event which enriched while it preyed upon me—engrossed a fair share of my thoughts that night, and early in the morning I dispatched my companion, Mrs Eels, to the police station to report my loss and enter a description of the article substituted in its place, while, urged by curiosity as to its value, I myself took the ring to my jewelers to have its worth appraised. I offered no remarks concerning it beyond stating that I desired an estimate of the value of the stone.

The expert to whom I applied, and to whom I was well known, smiled as he took the ring from me.

"You ladies," he said, weighing the bauble lightly in his hand and making no offer to examine it, "are curiously skeptical, I find, in the matter of second-hand jewelry. You are rarely content to accept our certificates without oral confirmation."

"I had no certificate with this," I replied. "Indeed, I was not aware that such were ever issued. I have never received one with a purchase. Did this ring come from here?"

"Yes," he answered. "It is an exceedingly rare stone—a registered gem. With such we always deliver a voucher. When I sold it to Mr. Henry W. Thornton two years ago I gave him a memorandum of its market value at that time and of its number on our books. He had the misfortune to lose the voucher, and yesterday, when Mr. Newbold, to whom he sold it——"

"Mr. Newbold!" I ejaculated in an almost frightened voice.

"Mr. Schuyler Newbold," the man affirmed, regarding me curiously. "You had it from him, I suppose? I inferred from what he said that it was his intention to raise money on it, but I imagined that it was only a matter of temporary embarrassment. I had no idea of anything serious. The failure——"

"Failure!" I cried, interrupting him again.

"You had not heard?" he asked. "Yes, Newbold & Jameson have been obliged to assign, I regret to say. One of our boys has just brought in the news from the bulletin boards, and worse still——" his voice dropped to a graver key, "there are rumors that Mr. Newbold has absconded."

I pondered upon the matter throughout the rest of the day and late into the night, coming to one conclusion, at least, capable of being acted upon. However it had come into my possession, the ring was not mine, but Schuyler Newbold's. Even if intentionally bestowed upon me in exchange for the contents of my purse, its value was so in excess of the amount I had lost that for me to retain it in the face of my knowledge of its ownership would be usury, even dishonesty. I felt it absolutely necessary that I communicate with the man to whom it belonged.

And so, on the following morning, I took a cab and drove to the offices of Newbold & Jameson, whose failure I had heard confirmed. The junior partner received me courteously, although somewhat under protest, as I could perceive. I asked for Mr. Newbold. Mr. Newbold, he replied, with a tinge of rising color reddening his florid skin, was out of town. I then requested his address. The flush upon his cheeks deepened. It would be useless, he said, to give it to me, as his partner was expected to return almost immediately. It was doubtful if he would receive any communication forwarded to him. Suddenly I recalled the hitherto unheeded remark which had terminated the information that the jeweler had imparted to me. There were rumors, he had said, that Mr. Newbold had absconded. Preoccupied with the newly discovered fact of his apparently well-established guilt toward myself, I had lost sight of the hint of a larger criminality toward the public. I daresay there was a new significance in the look I upraised to Mr. Jameson, for his eyes fell before it.

"I SAW SCHUYLER NEWBOLD LYING THERE"

"It is absolutely necessary that I communicate with Mr. Newbold," I insisted. "It is for his own sake that I ask his address. You need have no fear in giving it to me. I shall"—I spoke with pointed deliberation—"I shall impart it to no one else."

Mr. Jameson's face became crimson, and a resentful glitter came into his eyes. I had produced a visible effect, but without result. He simply persisted in declining to give me the needed information on the ground of his partner's immediate return, and advised me to send whatever communication I had for Mr. Newbold to his office, promising that it should be delivered to him at the earliest possible moment.

Perceiving that further solicitation was useless, I then had recourse to a bit of feminine strategy. While we had been conversing I had surreptitiously removed the glove from my left hand. This, under pretense of using my handkerchief, I now withdrew from my muff, bringing the sapphire ring, which was with difficulty held in place upon the third finger by means of a guard, directly beneath my companion's observation. I saw him start and look searchingly at me. His color changed, his manner grew confused, he became visibly embarrassed, and after a moment's hesitation broke forth into apologies.

I smiled consciously, and murmured some conventional phrase calculated to set him at ease.

"But I had no idea, you know," he stammered contritely. "Mrs. Allaire," he went on, in a pained and mortified voice, glancing around as if to assure himself that there were no eavesdroppers thereabouts, "I do not tell you Newbold's address because I cannot. I do not know it myself."

"Then," I burst forth harshly, "what they say of him is true! He has ab——"

He interrupted me with an angry exclamation.

"It is false!" he exclaimed. "Something has happened to him. I don't know what; but not that. No honester man lives to-day than Schuyler Newbold."

I returned home. Several days passed, bringing no tidings of the missing man. The reports of his defalcation strengthened. He had been the financial man of the concern, and had borrowed considerable sums of money on his personal credit, hoping, doubtless, to tide over a crisis caused by the failure of two or three large firms which had been heavily indebted to his house. Two of the largest of these notes had fallen due upon the day when I had met him, the day which likewise proved to be the date of his disappearance, and, as they had been once or twice renewed, the holders had declined to extend them further.

Mr. Jameson's position was most uncomfortable. His attempt to shield his partner's mysterious conduct by assuming to possess information of his whereabouts naturally was obliged to yield, with the passage of time and the importunities of his creditors, to a frank acknowledgment of his ignorance. A man who criminally turns to his own advantage the good faith of his friends can hardly hope to retain the respect of the community, particularly when he evades even the pretense of self-justification. Scarcely three days passed after the date of the assignment before Schuyler Newbold's name had become a term of reproach, his reputation a torn and tattered ensign. On the fourth day, however, before any statement had been made by the assignees, some one took over the worthless notes, and at the same time a considerable block of a certain excellent, dividend-paying stock was placed on the market. Singularly enough, the transaction was made through my lawyer, acting for some client who wished to remain unknown.

This evidence of confidence in the absent bankrupt had some effect, I rejoice to say, on public sentiment. People began to remark that if Newbold's private obligations had been met, however mysteriously, it might be as well to suspend judgment until events should either confirm the appearance of guilt in his flight, or he should himself appear to explain it. Furthermore, the statement of the assignees, published upon the following day, proved far more satisfactory than people had anticipated. The failure was by no means a bad one, and it was quite possible that affairs might be so readjusted as to allow the house to continue business. Meanwhile, where was Schuyler Newbold? That was the question which everybody was asking. On the very day of the publication of the assignees' statement I set about resuming my usual routine of life, which had been sadly interrupted by anxiety over the affair. Among the duties which ordinarily engaged me was that of hospital visiting, and upon that day, immediately after luncheon, I set out for the B—— Street Hospital, where I was a frequent visitor.

I happened to run directly upon Doctor Elliott, the house surgeon, upon entering the place, who hailed me with acclaim, and conducted me to his office, saying that he had been looking for me for several days.

"I have something here," he said, "which I think may belong to you. At least, your card is in it. Look! Do you recognize this?" He handed me an object which I greeted with a cry of surprise.

"My purse! Doctor Elliott, where did you get it?"

"From a patient who was brought into the hospital some days ago, and who has been in an unconscious state almost ever since, unable to identify himself."

I asked for a description of the man. The Doctor gave it so graphically that I could not doubt to whom it applied.

My heart sank a moment at finding my conclusions as to my pickpocket's identity thus confirmed. A moment later it leaped with relief at the suggestion that Schuyler Newbold's presence in the hospital was itself an extenuating circumstance—that he had acted under conditions of physical derangement which must acquit him of moral responsibility.

I turned to Doctor Elliott. "I think I know your patient," I said. "He is a friend of mine. He is Schuyler Newbold, of the firm of Newbold & Jameson. You may have heard of their suspension, and of his mysterious disappearance. On what day did he fall ill?"

The Doctor consulted his book. "He was admitted on Thursday afternoon, late," he announced.

"Ah!" I cried exultantly, for it had been on that day that we had ridden home together, and I rejoiced at finding how well my theory was being borne out by facts.

"But," the Doctor went on, "we can scarcely call it falling ill, my dear Mrs. Allaire. Mr. Newbold is not suffering from the result of natural causes, you know. I have scarcely ever examined a man who seemed to have been in a sounder condition than he previous to his accident. I thought I had told you that he was suffering from concussion of the brain due to a collision with an automobile on the corner here."

And so my house of cards fell in a heap to the ground! At the Doctor's invitation I visited the public ward where his patient was lying to make sure that my inference was correct. Ah! the tide of pity and tenderness that surged through my heart as I saw Schuyler Newbold lying there, helpless and unconscious!

As I returned through the corridor with Doctor Elliott I directed him to have Mr. Newbold removed to a private room at once, and to see to it that he had every comfort which the hospital could provide, saying that I would take it upon me to communicate with his friends, and that until they should come forward the sum of money which had been in my purse might be applied to the necessary expenses of the case. The Doctor looked at me with lifted brows.

"You forget, I think," he observed, "that when you delivered your purse into Mr. Newbold's keeping it was as empty as Lucy Locket's celebrated pocket."

"Oh, no," I cried impulsively, "you are mistaken, Doctor. I had a considerable amount in it: five hundred dollars in bills and a little Russian kopeck, a pocket-piece. If it was empty it must have been rifled by some one in the crowd."

Doctor Elliott shook his head.

"I think not," he said. "It so happened that I was passing at the time Mr. Newbold was run down. I was the first person to reach him, and I remained in close attendance until he was placed in the ambulance. Prior to that I had taken the precaution to search his pockets for any valuables that they might contain." The Doctor spoke somewhat severely. Apparently his suspicions were aroused.

A week passed, a week of miserable doubt and disquietude. And then one night I found myself compelled to fulfill an engagement long ago undertaken, to chaperon a small party at the apartments of a bachelor of my acquaintance. The resources in the way of entertainment were many, the chief diversion being a sleight-of-hand performance by a prestidigitateur lately come into fashion. The man's appearance was rather engaging, and his face seemed vaguely known to me, but locate him I could not.

He had done some really novel and extraordinary things which had been received with much applause by his audience, when he finally announced that he would conclude his efforts by transferring, without apparent means, a small coin which he held up for inspection, from his own position upon the platform to any receptacle in the room which might be agreed upon without his knowledge; that he would not remove the article thence himself, but would allow any one selected by the audience to do so.

I, sitting at some distance from him, could not very well distinguish the coin, but when, a few moments later, having been chosen to discover if the trick had succeeded, I opened the drawer of the little cigar cabinet in which it was to have been deposited according to the universal wish, I could not restrain a cry, for there lay my little Russian kopeck, mine unmistakably by virtue of certain tiny distinguishing marks which the donor had caused to be engraved upon it under a microscope, and which appeared mere scratches to the naked eye. And as I beheld the coin I suddenly remembered where I had first seen this certainly remarkable trickster. As I had turned to confront Schuyler Newbold upon entering the car that memorable day this man's face had peered out at me for an instant over his shoulder.

My little outburst was naturally ascribed to surprise at the success of the trick, but when presently the prestidigitateur approached to claim his coin I withheld it, saying archly that I must retain it as a souvenir of so remarkable an occasion. To which the fellow, flattered by my interest, acceded.

It is scarcely necessary for me to continue my tale further. The most ordinary imagination can furnish from these data the explanation of the robbery and its accompanying substitution of ring for pocketbook. When taxed by my lawyer the juggler made no pretense of concealing the methods he had employed. All the circumstances had tended to make his task an easy one—the pressure of the crowd, the preoccupation of Schuyler Newbold, my own concentration of attention upon the difficult business of maintaining a foothold upon the platform.

"The ring was an unexpected find," the fellow declared. "I was about to nip his watch guard when I came upon it in monsieur's vest pocket. It was unlucky for me that monsieur's fingers are of a grander size than my own. So it was that it slipped into the pocket of madame when I sought for her purse. Why did I place the purse in monsieur's pocket after possessing myself of the contents?" He laughed. "It is ever better to let what you call incriminating evidence be found upon another than upon one's self."

. . . . . .

"But one thing I must know," I said to Schuyler one evening just before we were married, when we were talking over the affair. Ah, have I said nothing to indicate that we were married, do you say? Well, that is not properly incidental to this narrative, which was undertaken merely to show how easily an innocent man may fall under the suspicion of guilt, and so I have not dwelt upon it. "I must know for what reason you tried to escape me that day? And, moreover, why you neglected to take my hand at parting?"

He colored to the roots of his hair.

"Must I tell you, dear?" he deprecated.

"You must," I insisted firmly.

"You forgive me in advance?" he besought, still unmistakably reluctant. I smiled.

"Then," said he with a shamefaced manner, "it was for this. As I stood waiting behind you in that beastly crowd a diabolical suggestion occurred to me. I had loved you a long time. I felt that you even cared a little for me. Why, whispered expediency, don't you propose to her now? The announcement of your engagement to Oscar Allaire's widow would stand you in good stead. You see?"

I nodded, with tears in my eyes. "So," I remarked, "you fought and tried to run away?"

He nodded.

"Yes," said he, raising my hand to his lips, "but I lived to be conquered another day."

DRAWN BY F. C. YOHN

"I MUST KNOW FOR WHAT REASON YOU TRIED TO ESCAPE ME THAT DAY"

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

PHOTO BY PACH BROS.
GEN. JOHN M. WILSON

PHOTO BY GERTRUDE KASEBIER, NEW YORK
ZITKALA-SA

PHOTO BY CHASE & CO.
DENNISON WHEELOCK

Indians at Paris

The Carlisle Indian School is to be represented at the Paris Exposition by its military band of fifty-five pieces. Not all of the members are Carlisle students, other Indian schools throughout the country having contributed their most talented players, so that the organization is, in fact, a representative body, and is designed to illustrate the effect of education on the savage. The band was trained by its present director, Dennison Wheelock, himself a full-blooded Oneida, born on the Wisconsin Agency and educated at Carlisle. Mr. Wheelock is a firm believer in the musical possibilities of his people, and is an enthusiast on the subject of a national school of music builded on original Indian themes. He has composed several orchestral pieces, aboriginal suites and native dances, which, rendered by the band under his leadership, are decidedly novel and interesting. The vocal interpolations, snatches of song and ecstatic cries are especially effective, and ought to give a grateful filip to the sated Parisian senses.

As an agent for the Government, employed in gathering children for the different schools, Mr. Wheelock has had opportunity to study the music of nearly every tribe in the United States and has collected a vast number of themes and motifs. He has found no tribe wholly destitute of musical expression, and there is a certain uniformity in the compositions of all the nations. A savage invariably sings to express his own emotions and not to excite or influence his auditors. An Indian love-song, for example, is never sung in the presence of the beloved. The swain does not disturb the slumbers of his prospective parents-in-law by moonlight serenades outside the young woman's tepee. He gives voice to his passionate numbers at a distance from the village, alone in the early dawn. How the knowledge of his tribute ever reaches the girl is not apparent.

The only woman accompanying the orchestra is Zitkala-Sa, who plays the violin and recites poems of Indian life. She is a Sioux from the Yankton Agency of South Dakota. She has shown a marked bent toward literature, in addition to her musical gifts, and articles from her pen on special phases of native life and character have attracted much attention. Her writings show a decidedly artistic temperament. Although an educated and highly civilized woman, she declines to be called by her English name, preferring to be known simply as Zitkala-Sa, the Redbird. She has a passionate love for her race.

Mr. Dolliver's Famous Hog Peroration

Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, of the Ways and Means Committee in the House of Representatives, is a son-in-law of D. K. Pearsons, the millionaire philanthropist of Chicago, and, in spite of his wealth, he has won an enviable place in Congress solely on his merits during his twelve years of service. Mr. Dolliver is an eloquent speaker, and when he is set down for a speech the visitors' gallery is sure to be filled. He is particularly apt at repartee and most members fight shy of a running debate with him. Mr. Dolliver is perhaps best known by his peroration on the question of admitting American pork into European markets.

"I hope the time will come," he said, "when the American hog with a curl of contentment in his tail and a smile of pleasure on his face may travel untrammeled through the markets of the world."

But that time has not yet arrived, in spite of Mr. Dolliver's eloquence.

Kate Masterson's First Poem

Kate Masterson, the poet and humorist, thus describes the beginning of her literary career:

"I was at school in Brooklyn when I first sent a poem to Judge, signing it Kittie K. It was accepted and published with an illustration, and my cup of joy was brimming. When I got a check for two dollars I effervesced. I then sent some verses to Puck, which was then edited by H. C. Bunner. They were also signed Kittie K, but were written from a masculine point of view, and as I wrote a very gentlemanly hand, Bunner evidently came to the conclusion that I was a boy. He sent me some very funny letters and I replied, keeping up the idea that I was a very fresh, slangy boy. He accepted the verses, She Stood on the Stair, and they were published in a Christmas number with a picture. As this was only the second poem I had sold in my life, you can imagine how wildly anxious I was to have it appear. I bothered Bunner with inquiries, for, of course, that was the only poem on earth to me just then. I recollect finally writing him, 'Do you think my poem will be published during my lifetime?'

"He wrote me: 'My dear boy, I cannot say if your poem will be published during your lifetime, as I do not know when you are going to die.'"

How Mr. Rogers Kept His Word

Mr. Henry Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate of New York, is the guardian angel of the little town of Fairhaven, Massachusetts. It was there he was born, and there as a boy he earned his first money carrying newspapers. To-day Fairhaven boasts of a library and a town hall—gifts outright from him—and on the principal street stands an ideal building, the Rogers School.

This structure is a fulfillment of a pledge made years ago, when Mr. Rogers was a small, serious-minded boy, who delighted to sit in the company of older people. It was in the grocery store one day that he ventured to remark that he thought Fairhaven ought to have a new school.

To those who listened a new school meant increased taxes.

"Wall," drawled out the spokesman, "I think so, too; why don't you build one? You might save up for a starter."

There was a chorus of "haw, haws," as the small boy slid off the top of the barrel to the floor and then drew himself up, his face red and burning. "I'll do it," he said, "and I'll give some of you people a chance to put the furniture in it when it's finished."

The episode ended there. The boy grew, went to Pennsylvania and thence to Brooklyn. One day it was announced that Mr. Rogers was going to build a school in Fairhaven. When it was almost finished he went back. On the main street he met the scoffer of his boyhood.

"I'm waiting for that furniture," he said.

The man laughed a little sheepishly, but said nothing.

"But never mind," Mr. Rogers went on, "I guess I'll put it in myself, but I want you to be on hand to see I have kept my word."

Pilkerton Won the Race

The first sub-contractor to begin work on the New York rapid-transit tunnel was James Pilkerton, known to most New Yorkers as a leading contractor, but still more widely known as the champion sculler of America for many years. Mr. Pilkerton has brought into his business the same pluck and force that kept him so long at the head of Yankee oarsmen. This pluck is neatly illustrated by a hitherto unpublished anecdote of a happening at one of the regattas of the National Association of American Oarsmen during the early nineties. Mr. Pilkerton was matched to row double against another team. He and his mate were the champions, and the general belief was that they would win without effort. But the night before the regatta public opinion suddenly and mysteriously changed. Mr. Pilkerton knew that this was not caused by any new development of strength in his opponents or any loss of skill on his own part. After making some quiet inquiries he discovered that there was talk of his rowing mate having been bought up by the other side and of an arrangement to throw the race.

He didn't say anything about his suspicions, but when the two men were seated in the shell and were well out into the deep water he leaned over to his mate and said:

"Look here, you blooming cut-throat. You've got to swim, drown, or win this race. You know me!" He won.

Miss Heyer on Flower-Girls

Miss Grace Heyer, who has made such a pleasant impression as Babbie, the gypsy girl in The Little Minister, owes much of her success to having studied flower-girls all over the world. She finds that the Japanese and Hawaiians have the greatest love for buds and blossoms and, next to them, the people living on the shores of the Mediterranean. Flower-girls usually love music and dancing. The French and Italians, especially the Neapolitans, are clever in conversation and often quick at repartee. At Naples a pretty flower-girl sighed as she handed a bunch of glorious roses to her customer.

"Oh, Signorina, I hate to part with them. Each has a soul within its body!"

"Why part with them, then?"

"Because I must look after my own soul and body."

"In the Mohammedan countries and those like Greece where Islam exerts a strong influence, the flower-girls," says Miss Heyer, "are all boys and men. In China they are stalwart coolies. There flowers are marvelously cheap, a huge bouquet of two hundred blossoms costing but five cents."

General Wilson's Highest Achievement

One of the best-known men in Washington is General John M. Wilson, Chief of Engineers of the United States Army. Few officers have finer war records. He is a graduate of West Point in the class of 1860. He served throughout the war, and was promoted many times for gallantry and distinguished services. After the war he was for a time Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. It would take a column to tell all of the engineering work which he superintended, but it included the completion of the Washington Monument, and several of the important Government buildings in Washington. General Wilson's great ability was recognized a few years ago by Columbian University, which conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

SENATOR LINDSAY

PHOTO BY BROWNELL SMITH, 420 PARK

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

J. G. CANNON

Breaking All Records

The Fifty sixth Congress is going to distance all the records in the history of the Government. Of the Congress that preceded it the same thing was said, which goes to show that each year the enormous development of the country [illegible] national legislation. In the Fifty fifth Congress there were 18,663 bills and joint results in both houses—12,808 in the House and 5855 in the Senate. Of these only 1457 became laws. This, of course, is the total for the two sessions.

The present Congress has not yet finished its first session, and yet the total is already nearly 12,000 bills in the House, nearly 5000 in the Senate, and about 300 joint resolutions. At this rate the Fifty-sixth Congress bids fair to exceed a total of 25,000 bills and joint resolutions before it reaches the end of its term on March 4, 1901.

Some Troubles with New Members

Congress was interesting from the start. In the Senate there was a Republican majority of twenty. In the House there was a Republican majority of fifty-six. In every branch of the Government the Republican party was in control. On November 21, Vice-President Garret A. Hobart died. When Congress met on December 4, Honorable William P. Frye, of Maine, was chosen presiding officer of the Senate. The same day Honorable David B. Henderson, of Iowa, was elected Speaker of the House. Everything passed off smoothly in the House in the swearing in of the members until Utah was called. At the sound of the name Brigham H. Roberts, Mr. Tavler, of Ohio, arose and said: "I object to the swearing in of the Representative-elect from Utah, and to his taking his seat." A committee was appointed, and testimony was taken showing conclusively that Brigham H. Roberts was a polygamist and incompetent under the laws of the United States to be a member of Congress. The main question was the manner of getting rid of him, but the protest against him was so great that this difficulty counted little. The moral sense of the country was aroused and Roberts was overwhelmingly voted out.

It was well known that Mr. Clark had been elected to the Senate by the Montana Legislature after prodigal expenditures. Mr. Clark admitted that he had spent between $150,000 and $160,000 in his campaign, and there were other circumstances to show that this enormous sum was only part of the total, which has been variously estimated up to as high as $600,000—with how much truth it is impossible accurately to determine. At any rate the committee reported unanimously that the seat occupied by Mr. Clark should be declared vacant. In the meanwhile Senator Quay, whom the Legislature of Pennsylvania had failed to elect, and who had received a certificate of appointment from the Governor of his State, was trying to get back into his old seat which he had occupied for eighteen years. The personal friendships which he had formed aided his cause greatly, and though he was going against all the precedents of the Senate, he was confident of success. The vote was one of the most exciting and one of the closest in the whole history of Congress. One vote would have admitted him, but it happened to be on the other side. These two cases gave a great impetus to the movement for the election of Senators by the direct vote of the people, and on April 13 the House of Representatives adopted a resolution for a Constitutional amendment providing for that [illegible]

A New Brand of Freedom for Puerto Rico

One of the incidents that will last in American history was the treatment of Puerto Rico by the present Congress. Spain allowed the 800,000 people of this island free trade, manhood suffrage, sixteen full deputies and four senators to the Cortez at Madrid, and twelve representatives in the local municipal assemblies. President McKinley in his message to the Fifty-sixth Congress said: "Our plain duty is to abolish all custom tariffs between the United States and Puerto Rico and give her products free access to our markets." On January 8 last, General Davis, the Governor General of Puerto Rico, appeared before a committee of the House of Representatives. [illegible] Puerto Rico be able to work out their salvation?" asked Mr. Cannon, of Illinois.

"Quite able to support themselves," he replied, "and besides, to contribute much to the wealth of the United States whenever the island is put upon a sound basis."

Three weeks after this there was an unexpected change. A tariff was proposed, and then followed those well remembered developments which ended in the driving through both houses of Congress of a new measure. Some of the more independent members, both of the House and the Senate, rebelled, but the party organization was too strong for the majority. The bill passed the Senate by a vote of 40 to 31. This measure puts over Puerto Rico a governor, gives the Puerto Ricans the smaller part of a legislative assembly and keeps in American hands the real authority. Even if this legislative assembly passes laws they must be subject to the revision of the Congress of the United States. Its judges are appointed by the President of the United States. It does not even allow Puerto Ricans to send a non-voting delegate to Congress, but creates a resident commissioner of Puerto Rico to represent the colony in Washington.

And in addition to all that it imposes a fifteen per cent. tariff on Puerto Rican trade.

The nation was humiliated and aroused to protest by this Puerto Rican incident. Almost the entire press of the country declared its opposition, and one of the extraordinary facts was that some of the staid scientific journals which never touched politics before in all their careers could not resist the temptation to express themselves. Almost every word that came from the pulpit or the rostrum outside of Congress was a protest against the violation of the given promise of the nation.

The argument for the bill was one of expediency—that it was better to raise the necessary revenues in this indirect way, and that in any event every penny would be devoted to Puerto Rico. Beyond all this was the broader fact that if the United States Government should give free trade to Puerto Rico it would have to do the same to the Philippines, and thus open the gates for the Eastern invasion of cheap products and cheap labor. But at the same time the fact remains to-day that the 800,000 Puerto Ricans, like the two million Americans and twenty- one hundred five years ago, are enjoying the privileges of taxation and pleasures [illegible]

Money and Trusts

One act of Congress that will have a decided effect upon the coming Presidential campaign is the new financial law that placed the Government upon a gold basis. This will do more to keep business steady and to ward off [illegible] No one seems seriously to think that it will be changed in spite of all the free silver talk, even if the Democrats should carry the fall elections, for the Senate is surely Republican for the next five years.

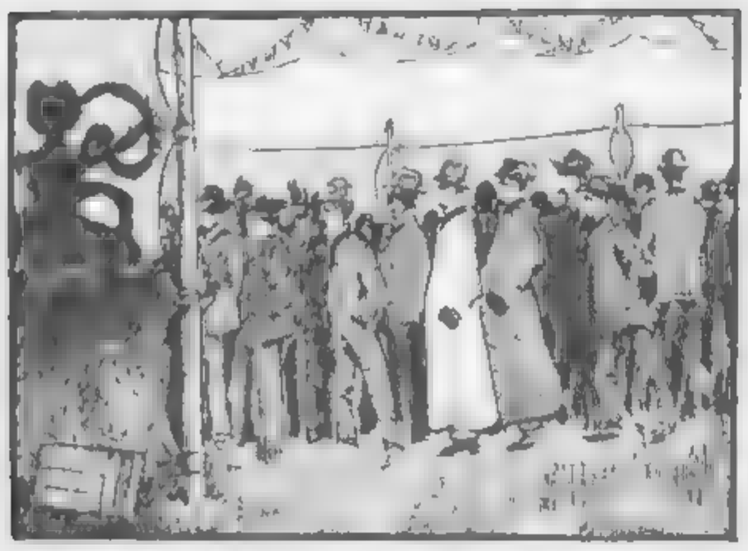
The Nicaragua Canal has had its usual experience. The pension laws are still unreformed. The reorganization of the army has been begun. More money has been appropriated for the navy than by any Congress in our history, the total being about $63,000,000. It was only a few years ago that Speaker Reed, in reply to the taunt that the appropriations by Congress would amount to a billion dollars, exclaimed "This is a billion dollar country." We have now passed [illegible] instead of being a billion dollar country for two years we shall be spending a billion annually.

In one omission at least this Congress is more remarkable than in its various commissions. The whole country has been disturbed by the trust issue. President McKinley denounced it in his message. Every newspaper has debated it; every political convention has proclaimed against it in its platform. Both parties are committed to the capture and the taming of the monster, and yet absolutely nothing has been done by the Fifty sixth Congress to halt or to hinder any corporation or combination.

Former Congressmen Who Settle Elsewhere

It has been announced that Senator Lindsay, whose term expires soon and who will be succeeded by the Honorable "Joe" Blackburn, will go to New York to practice law. It is another illustration of the many of how public life scatters people. There are, of course, many who cling to their districts; such a man as Mr. Cannon, for instance, whose life has been given to the public service, and who would feel out of politics somehow as a duck feels out of water, and who will probably remain in Congress all his d[illegible] Depew will serve his term and enjoy the social and post prandial experiences of Washington life, where he is one of the most interesting figures. But accidents happen and some of the famous men in politics find themselves unelected. It is then that many of them seek other fields for their abilities. For instance, ex-Secretary Carlisle is now in New York, where there could be summoned possibly a quorum of ex-Congressmen any day in the week. Former Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, lives in Philadelphia because the climate is better suited to his health, and thus the distribution goes on, and it is not surprising that Senator Lindsay should go to the metropolis where the rewards of law are larger, even though he did recently write an interesting article on the social attractions of Kentucky.

The salary of $5000 a year for Representatives and Senators, with $8000 for the Speaker and for the President of the Senate, scarcely covers the living expenses of a Congressman. The cost of living grows greater every year in Washington, and the average Congressman, unless he have private means, finds when he gets out of office that the bread and-butter problem is very real. Of course the public life broadens a man, and [illegible]



MOBS, CYCLONES and ADVENTURES

From the Notes of W. C. Coup

Edited by Forrest Crissey

IN A LIFETIME spent with the circus I have learned the heart of the people. I have felt the pulse of the multitudes who have made the history of the West. This insight into conditions of things in the West brought me many and varied experiences, some of which were rough and severe. They had their interesting sides, however, and many of them are worth the telling, if for no other reason than to throw light upon the character of the people with whom we had to deal. That the show was appreciated by these frontiersmen there can be no doubt.

In the early days it was the custom to have a concert in a side tent before and after the regular performance in the circus. At one place where we stopped the people paid their money and went in and enjoyed the concert; but so well pleased were they that they insisted upon a repetition of the performance. At the point of their pistols they compelled the poor minstrels to continue their antics nearly all night, until ready to drop from sheer exhaustion.

Forcible Argument with a City Marshal

At one time, while in Texas, we were doing an act called An Indian Chase for a Wife, in which we used several guns with blank cartridges. The act opened with a lively fusilade and the reports brought a great crowd to the tent. The Texans appeared to come from every direction, many of them with revolvers ready cocked. The fact that many of them had been drinking greatly increased the perils of our situation. After careful consideration of these facts I decided not to give a night performance, and ordered an early supper so as to be able to load by daylight and, if possible, get out of town before nightfall. The seats were soon taken out and the side wall was dropped.

I sat in the cook tent, eating dinner, when a great crowd suddenly surrounded us. The leader, who claimed to be the town marshal, had his revolver pointed directly at my head and I could see by the inflamed condition of his features that he, like the rest, had been drinking heavily. Realizing my danger, I knocked the pistol down and it went off between my feet. This was taken as the signal for a rush toward me, the crowd evidently thinking I had shot at the marshal. The noise attracted the concourse that had just left the circus and they drew up in line with revolvers cocked. A slaughter of showmen was clearly imminent.

I leaped upon a box and tried to pacify the infuriated Texans, while receiving, at the same time, their abuse. I was entirely ignorant of the cause of the disturbance and demanded to be informed of the reason of the uprising. Getting no reply, I appealed to them as law abiding citizens, and for the first time in my life this appeal was useless.

By this time our entire force had collected, and as the show was the "First Hippodrome" and altogether the largest circus ever in the South, we had at least five hundred attachés, three hundred of whom were powerful fellows and well armed. This was the first time that I had ever thought of permitting my people to fight. Our gang was headed by my boss canvasman, "Put." I momentarily expected the attack, but just as I got down from the box a detective who was hired to travel with the show rushed upon the scene and yelled: "In the name of the United States Government, whose officer I am, I command peace!" It was surprising to see that crowd scatter, and certainly this was a master stroke on the part of the detective. He earned more that day than I ever paid the agency for his services. In ten minutes all was calm and peaceful.

Breaking Camp Under a Hot Rifle Fire

In 1859 two Philadelphia friends of mine were going to make a trip South, and offered me big inducements to join them, which I accepted. We started from Philadelphia, making our way slowly through the different States, with the usual routine of wagon show life. No event of importance occurred until we reached Missouri. It was a most foolish trip to undertake, for the people were then so embittered by the John Brown raid that we were in constant danger. First came a tirade of the fiercest abuse and this soon led into a regular knock down fight, which speedily developed into a shooting scrape lasting several hours. We were compelled to defend ourselves by every method at our command. Our men were marshaled inside the tent and armed with long, heavy stakes which looked like guns and were really formidable weapons. The wagons and other available goods were grouped in a circle, and behind this pioneer fortification the men paced with their long stakes at their shoulders like the guns of sentries. In the dim light thrown by the torches they certainly looked like armed men. So formidable was our appearance the enemy thought us armed with Winchesters. By putting on this bold front the canvasmen were able to get all the loose stuff into the wagons, leaving the tents standing until the last. Finally these also were taken down and loaded. Then came the most perilous undertaking of all. To get our horses from the stables seemed at first an absolute impossibility. It was the custom, at that time, to stable our horses wherever space could be found for them, and as Granby was only a small village, nearly every stable contained one or more of our horses. We divided the men into two gangs, one of which was left to guard the property on the grounds.

Our show was situated in the public square and was thus surrounded by houses and stores, all of which were filled with armed men. By the dim light we could see our enemies running from house to house with guns in their hands. The second detachment of our men was sent to gather in the scattered horses. And a lively time they had accomplishing that business! Shot after shot was fired at them while the horses were being driven into the corral. Fortunately, however, neither man nor horse was hit.

Ambushed and Shot at on the Road

We remained quiet until daylight, keeping constant guard, for we feared an attack at any moment; but toward daybreak we could see that the ranks of our enemy were thinning out. After careful deliberation I gave the order to march. Just as the first team was leaving the square the sharpshooters opened a vicious fire from the windows and doors of houses and stores. Practically every shot brought down a horse. Strange to say, we could not discover that a single man had been struck. Our men instantly fell into line and began firing together, but as we had only pistols the fight was against us. As our enemies were safely concealed in stores and buildings, only a few exposing themselves to our pistols, we fought at great odds. However, we kept up a rapid fusilade and under this heavy fire we managed to get out into the open country, leaving our dead horses on the village square. Once safely outside and beyond the range of the enemy we paused for roll-call and found that three of our men were dead. This put the spirit of fight into every man in the company and there was almost an eagerness to have another encounter.

Proceeding cautiously on our way we came to a stream spanned by an old-fashioned bridge. The first chariot being a very heavy one, the bridge was carried down, throwing the wagon, horses, driver and men into the water twenty feet below. Soon firing was again heard and two more horses fell. This proved my suspicion that the beams had been cut for the purpose of wrecking us and of trapping us where we could be slaughtered. The next shots brought several of my brave men to the ground—dead in their tracks! The enemy, being in ambush, had us at great disadvantage; but my men were so thoroughly aroused and so fearless that we soon drove our assailants back. This last plucky onslaught won the day for us, although at sad cost.

After a delay of several hours during which we repaired the bridge, we were again able to proceed on our way. Hardly were we fairly started when a new difficulty was encountered in the form of big trees felled across the roadway. This work had been cleverly done by the enemy in order to retard our progress, and we had to stop and remove these obstacles before we could pass. The time lost by the first attack, by the bridge engagement and subsequent delay threw us behind a whole day.

Although the people were all anxious to see our show they had not a friendly word for us. Frequently large crowds would force their way into the tents, pointing a cocked revolver at the doorkeeper's head. Finally, however, we managed to reach the Arkansas line with comparatively small loss of life. I am surprised that we were ever able to do so, because of the extreme bitterness which then prevailed toward all Northerners.

At length we came to a town called Bucksnort, the scene of the hanging described in one of Mr. Opie Read's short stories. Nearly every man at the tavern was ready for any kind of excitement. They started the quarrel by accusing our men of stealing their hats. A fight quickly ensued; and we were forced again to defend ourselves by resort to arms. At that time we were playing Mazeppa in which we used a number of dull swords. These were instantly placed in the hands of performers and canvasmen who knew how to wield them, and the result was a terrific hand to hand encounter in which we came off victorious.

At Lickskillet, another place on our line, the principal building was a log tavern. We put up our tents, but shortly afterward noticed several old men with long bladed knives cutting slits in the canvas. The canvasmen, on seeing the tent walls slashed, vigorously protested. At once bullets began to fly from the corner of the tavern. One of our men was killed at the outset of this melée.

Previous to this episode our men had become pretty well discouraged and would gladly have had peace, but this last outrage seemed to arouse them to a perfect frenzy. Instead of shooting they went for the gang of roughs with clubs, stakes and every other kind of weapon they could find. The encounter was a terrific one. Our men knocked the desperadoes senseless and seized their guns, and in a very few minutes we were much better prepared to defend ourselves. I think during the battle our men seized fully thirty rifles. Shot-guns were seldom used in this section of the country. Most unexpectedly we succeeded in getting some recruits. A few Northern men who had come into the place to settle permanently offered their services for our protection.

The Studies of the Student to the Clown

In early days many of the young countrymen would be seized with a desire to become "actors," as they called the acrobats. This led the circus performers into the scheme of selling the ambitious wights something to make them limber. A big trade of this kind was carried on by selling an oil made from very cheap grease, the innocent victims being thoroughly convinced that they would come out full-fledged "actors" by the use of this lubricant. Frequently some young fellow would apply for the position of student to the clown. When he presented himself for tuition, the paint prepared for his make-up would be mixed with grease and thoroughly rubbed on his face and limbs. He would then be dressed in an old pair of pants and made to enter the ring, where he would be ordered by the ringmaster to "act up." He would be so embarrassed at this demand that he could not speak, whereupon the ringmaster would lay the whip upon his practically naked limbs, telling him that it was the only way by which to learn the acrobatic art.

Another trick was to toss the students to the clown in a strong blanket of canvas. I can now point to an ex-member of Congress who was thus tossed until sore and exhausted.

Among the various performances on our circus program, one feat was that of placing a large stone on a man's breast,

THE POLICE WERE CALLED OUT FROM EVERY ADJACENT STATION AS SOON AS IT BECAME KNOWN THAT A WHITE BEAR WAS LOOSE IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK

as he lay on his back, and then striking the stone with a sledge hammer so as to break the rock The audience was invited to furnish a man to break this stone, and although one would naturally suppose that such an act would hurt the performer on whose breast the stone rested, he would, in fact, receive no shock whatever. But one day, while exhibiting at a small town, a drunken countryman, in attempting to break the stone with a sledge-hammer, missed his mark entirely, and the poor fellow received a blow that nearly killed him He was obliged to lie in bed and have medical aid

The following day we were compelled to move on to the next town, as advertised, which was a keen rival of the village we were just leaving. Our principal actor being unable to perform, we came near being mobbed, for this rival town did not relish the idea that its competitor had witnessed features which it could not see. All our remonstrances were in vain; and we were finally compelled to allow the injured man to quit his bed and actually go through the performance. These rough countrymen would certainly have kept their word had we not complied with their wishes, and it would have fared very badly with us However, the sick man went through his part as well as he could, and received the full approbation of the audience.

From this town we proceeded to a large Indian encampment. There we obtained permits from John Ross, Chief of the Cherokee Nation, and erected our tents. The Government had just made an Indian payment to this tribe, all the money being in twenty-dollar gold pieces, Neither the circus treasurer nor any one in the community could change these coins for money of smaller denomination and we were almost in despair Meantime some of the Indians climbed into a tree, seated themselves comfortably in the branches, and prepared to witness the entire performance free of charge. This exasperated me, and, seizing an ax, I commenced hewing at the tree Instantly I found myself the centre of an incipient riot, as there was a law in the Territory forbidding a white person to cut down a tree John Ross, however, quickly came to my rescue and saved my scalp by an adroit appeal to his people

We adopted the plan of admitting the Indians in squads, charging them a dollar each and taking a double fee from every twentieth man. The Indians seemed to enjoy the performance hugely, but were highly excited by the tricks of the magician whom they regarded as a supernatural being

Devotional Services Upset by a Demon

At a certain town in Missouri a laughable circumstance occurred. Here, for some time, a revival had been in progress. The revivalists had been abusing the circus, its surroundings and influences, and had tried to prevent us from exhibiting. However, we secured a lot adjoining the church and opened our doors. John Robinson, the chief proprietor of our show, was one of the best equestrians that ever lived, and at that time was introducing what he called his Demon Act. In this act he dressed and made up as nearly as possible like a demon. While riding his four horses at breakneck pace around the ring, he would utter a series of the most ferocious yells imaginable, at the same time working himself up to a great pitch of excitement, until, as the auditors frequently expressed it, he "looked like his Satanic Majesty himself

On this occasion, at the close of his act, he jumped from his horses, ran out of the dressing-room and boldly entered the church, exclaiming in the stentorian voice for which he was famed: "I am victorious! I am victorious!" The effect was magical. The revivalist had been eloquently exhorting on the subject of the Prince of Darkness, and the overwrought congregation took but one glance at the theatrical Satan, and then, leaping madly through the windows and doors of the little church, broke for the woods

At Council Bluffs, Iowa, we had exhibited to a large afternoon audience. The day was extremely hot and sultry, and in the evening, just as the people were seating themselves on the benches, a cyclone struck us without the slightest warning. In a twinkling the poles, seats and canvas were being hurled through the air in all directions. At that time we used an inflammable liquid for illuminating the tent, and this ignited and added the horror of fire to the scene

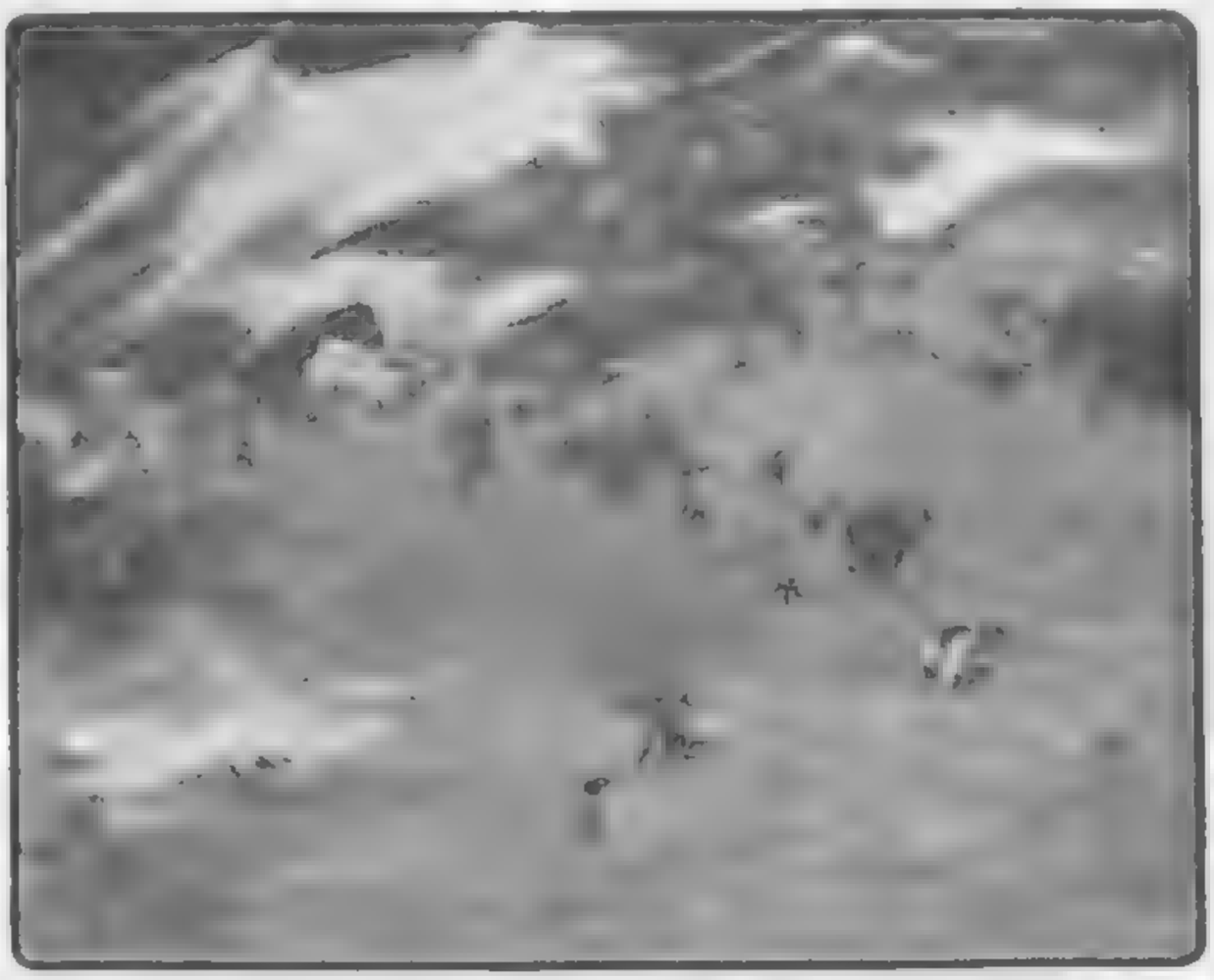
The Wild Beasts Loose in the Big Crowd

In those days our menagerie was exhibited in the same tent used for our circus performance, the seats being arranged on one side and the animal cages on the other. Imagine the scene Several thousand terrorized and screaming men, women and children rushed wildly in all directions, the combustible tents and paraphernalia were in flames, and above all could be heard the roar of the terror-stricken animals, beating madly against their iron bars. Two of the largest dens had been placed together and the partition bars withdrawn, so as to form one big cage, wherein the lions and tigers were exercised by their keepers. The fire burned the woodwork so that this double cage came apart and liberated the ferocious animals. These lions and tigers escaped among the people and added a new element to the general pandemonium of terror. Words cannot convey an adequate idea of that awful moment

As the tents and cages slowly burned out, total darkness came upon us. In the excitement, one of the men in the audience happened to jump on a crouching lion and yelled that he was in the clutches of the beast; however, the animal was as thoroughly frightened as the man, Some of the animals were loose all night, and one Royal Bengal tiger disappeared altogether. No trace whatever was found of his remains when the débris was examined, and he probably escaped to the nearest woods

Near to the tent was one of those prickly osage hedges, and into this hundreds of people ran, becoming so entangled in the thorny network that it was almost impossible for them to extricate themselves. Many were badly lacerated by the thorns There was no sleep in Council Bluffs that night

Several of our wagons disappeared and one carriage was never afterward found. Four or five horses were lifted and



IN A TWINKLING THE POLES, SEATS AND CANVAS WERE BEING HURLED THROUGH THE AIR IN ALL DIRECTIONS

blown into a lot some distance from where they had been stabled. To add still further to the misery that prevailed the catastrophe ended with a cloud burst and the earth was fairly deluged, so that in a short time what little remained undestroyed by wind and flame was floating around in a sea of water. Dense darkness prevailed and nothing could be done till dawn. It was then found that the cyclone had done even more damage to the city than we had at first supposed Though the circus was a complete wreck, it was learned that both the city and its suburbs had suffered severely, and it was considered providential that the performance had attracted so great a concourse of the people from their homes.

The Midnight Stampede of the Elephants

When we exhibited in Kansas, the country was in such a state of terror, resulting from the "border warfare," that all the towns and villages had organized military companies. At each camping place we were obliged to join these home guards, for protection. One day, while we were exhibiting at Lawrence, a detachment of militia encamped about a mile from us, the posts and guards surrounding the entire city. I had with me a friend from my old home at Delavan, Wisconsin. He was a merchant and had never seen any of the hardships of the camp or of circus life, and all this rough experience was new to him

As we were obliged to travel through the country for weeks without daring to take off our clothes, I had a wagon snugly covered and this served as a sort of sleeping berth. In this wagon my friend and I spent our nights. At our feet slept a faithful watch dog. On this particular night we were sound asleep, when the dog made a sudden lunge, jumping upon us and instantly awakening us. The moon was hid behind a cloud, and it was, for the moment, very dark. As I jumped to my feet, I indistinctly saw what appeared to me to be a body of men coming toward us. I fired several shots from the big pistols I always carried swung from my belt; but still the mass came forward. I soon heard a most pitiful wail of grief, and I then discovered that I had shot into a herd of elephants which had stampeded

The firing, together with the noise, alarmed the militia around the city, who, thinking the border ruffians were upon us, came to our assistance. It was some time before I could convince them of the real state of affairs, as the elephants had made a wild escape and consternation reigned. The militia hunted for the men who fired the guns, threatening dire vengeance for alarming the post, but after a full explanation we succeeded in pacifying them. Then we had a long chase after the stampeded elephants, which were finally captured

A Polar Bear Hunt on Fifth Avenue

One of the most exciting and amusing episodes connected with my career as a showman is that which passed into Gotham history as "the bear hunt on Fifth Avenue" And certainly nothing could be more strange and picturesque than a hot chase after a ferocious polar bear along this aristocratic thoroughfare'

In 1873 there were no polar bears in America, and I thought it would be a good stroke of business to obtain some of these beautiful and imposing animals for my menagerie. Therefore I sent an expedition to the Arctic waters to capture a pair. My men finally succeeded in landing two enormous polars in New York. In the process of shifting them from the shipping box one of these monsters made his escape, and started on a run down the middle of Fifth Avenue His course was marked by general consternation Children playing on the streets, seeing an immense white bear lumbering toward them at full speed, screamed and fled in every direction for shelter; horses, frightened at this unusual spectacle, became unmanageable and ran away, nurse maids, wheeling their small charges, were stricken helpless with terror, and even the street dogs fled howling down the cross streets and into business houses. Everywhere disorder and terror reigned supreme, the streets became suddenly deserted and one would have supposed that a plague had instantly depopulated the city. The police were called out from every adjacent station as soon as it became known that a white bear was loose in the streets of New York The poor animal, unaccustomed to the strange medley of metropolitan civilization, was more frightened than those who fled before him

Finally, by the aid of the police and some of the braver citizens, the beast was driven into a basement of a private residence, and there shot Had the people only realized it, the creature could easily have been captured alive, but fear reigned in every heart, from the child to the policeman, and the latter would not consider anything save instant death to the bear. The animal was very valuable and had cost me a large sum of money, not only for its capture but also for its transportation, and I was exceedingly sorry to lose him in this way I considered myself exceedingly fortunate, however, to escape as easily as I did, for had the bear done any harm I should have had to pay heavy damages. No person fortunate enough to witness the tumult of that exciting scene can ever forget the bear hunt on Fifth Avenue'

An Equine Officer of Artillery

At one time certain towns in Pennsylvania were greatly dreaded by all showmen from the fact that the "tough" element there predominated, and rarely did a circus escape without a pitched battle with these desperadoes. Mahanoy City was one of the worst of these towns, and on my last visit there nothing but the sound "horse sense" of one of our trained animals saved the show from a conflict the result of which might have been deplorable. I had wired my agent, weeks before, to drop this town from the list, but he had written back that under favorable circumstances, we were sure of taking about $10,000 there, and therefore, in accordance with my instructions, the town had been billed

We had a fair afternoon's business, and at night, judging from the appearance of the house, we ought to have had at least $5000 in the treasury. But, as usual in that town, the toughs had simply forced their way in without paying, and, as a consequence, only about $800 had been taken. On the outside were several hundred hoodlums clamoring for a fight, and I am bound to say that "Old Put," our boss canvasman, and his faithful followers were anxious for the same means of satisfaction, and only refrained from an outbreak because they knew that instant dismissal from my employ would follow any attempt on their part to take the initiative in any trouble.

At last, however, a fight did come off, and a hot one it was, too! Right in the midst of it one of my horses, which had been trained to fire off a cannon from its back, got loose and, fully accoutred, galloped into the thick of the mêlée. The creature seized the strap which operated the trigger and began firing blank cartridges in every direction. If ever a mob of toughs was frightened it was then! They stopped not upon the order of their going, but fairly flew in all directions

One of them afterward told a policeman that they could fight any gang of showmen that ever traveled, but when a horse commenced to unload on them with a cannon, he knew it was time to quit.

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The School for Rogues

GIVEN a house of five stories, the fire escapes zigzagging down its front and back, loaded with tubs, bedding, broken furniture and coal boxes, with no yard, with no view except of other houses like it, with a crowded, ill kept street before it, with noise, darkness and miasmatic cooking inside, with few moments of privacy for any inmate, with a family for every two rooms, to say nothing of boarders, with a neighborhood of cheap shops and saloons, what manner of resident are we to look for? To the credit of human nature be it said that the resident is often superior to his environment, yet we are right in assuming that from this kind of house will issue more of the idle, the vicious, the weak, the diseased and the criminal than from those houses whose occupants have access to fresh air, whose horizon is not restricted to roofs and chimneys, whose chambers the sunlight enters, who know the wholesome color of green, whose sleep is not broken by chaffering and brawls, and who are not in constant temptation from gaming places and drinking dens. The tenement has become a problem, and its solution involves the well being of millions.

The best solution would be abolition, but this appears impracticable, so we must at least modify. And the difficulty in reform arises not only from the greed or indifference of owners, but from the tenement populations themselves. They do not realize that their way of living is a menace to health or happiness or progress. It is the only way they have ever known. Their information as to cleaner, better homes is as meagre as is that of the comfortable class respecting the tenements.

But it is often necessary that we shall protect people against themselves. We must put gates at train and ferry stations, we must forbid smoking in powder magazines, we must prohibit unhealthful manufactures near towns, we must destroy unfit food, we must interfere in many ways with what at first thought appears to be human liberty, because we must consider the need of the majority. And so with the tenement. By reason of its crowding, its dirt, its lack of light and air, it is a danger. By reason of its associations it is a moral menace, not only to its residents, but to the whole community.

Imagine the effect of its life on children who are born in it. Never to see flowers or grass or running water, never to ramble in sun warmed fields, never to rest the eyes on a view of hills, never to hear bird songs, never to know silence, never to have room for play; to see the night stars and the sunset only in glimpses through reek and dust, to live among those who are without ideals in morals and conduct, to be jostled from infancy to age: is it not horrible! Can we wonder that it is the tenement which is most largely and constantly represented in the almshouse, the hospital and the jail? That it is the tenement face we see on the loungers about the street corners and the groggeries? That it is the tenement dweller who looks out at us from the pages of the police gallery?

The duties that fall to those who seek the betterment of the race comprise the urging of people to the country, the planting of better motives and higher thoughts in the minds of the dull masses that people the wearying miles of city barracks, the forwarding of schemes for limiting the ground area, height and number of tenements, for the widening of air shafts, for the restoration of yards, for the destruction of unsafe buildings, for the prohibition of crowding, for the enforcement of school laws, for the creation of libraries, parks and playgrounds—a sore need in these dismal precincts—for more diligent inspection by building and health authorities, for a police activity that will keep down the criminal element, for encouraging of the university settlement.

At its best the tenement is a sorrow. At its worst it is an abomination. If it cannot be abolished it must be improved.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER

A suburbanite's idea of Heaven is getting there on an express train.

Misspelling and Other Unpunished Crimes

WE HAVE a system of public education, provided by the State as its essential duty in fitting the citizen for life. We have also a system of public punishment, provided by the State as its essential duty in checking the citizen if he goes wrong in life.

This seems to cover both ends of the State's duty very fully, both in preparation and reprisal, and it should result in a high order of citizenship. We ought to see, under the public and compulsory education a steady rise in all necessary qualities of civic prosperity; and under the public and compulsory retribution a steady decrease of all civic sins.

Since we do not see these things in any such gratifying proportion, as might be expected, in spite of the beautiful dovetailing of public instruction and public punishment, we are led to scrutinize the twin systems more closely, and an astonishing fact reveals itself.

We publicly educate the citizen in lines for failure in which we do not punish him. We publicly punish the citizen for failure in lines for which we do not educate him.

This seems strange. At large public expense we train our children in grammar, arithmetic, geography and spelling. And yet, though palpably deficient in these branches thereafter, we have no legal punishment to follow. No man is arrested for misspelling, fined for a breach of grammar, or imprisoned because he forgot the capital city of Oklahoma. On the other hand, he is arrested for being drunk. Was he instructed as to the effects of alcohol and the legal consequences of intoxication? He is fined for beating his wife. Was there any class in social and family relation when he went to school? He is imprisoned for stealing. Was there a course in honesty in his curriculum?

Here the reader takes umbrage and cries that the Home and the Church teach these things—it is not the duty of the State. Very well—then why not let the Home and the Church punish such lapses?

And again, it is said that the punishment for failure in spelling and geography is inexorably found in personal life. Then why should not personal life teach spelling and geography? Why should the State teach those things for failure in which it does not punish, or punish for failure in things it does not teach?

Then it will be answered—proudly—that we in America have divorced Church and State, and will not reunite them. But this has nothing to do with the Church. Let the Church, let any number and variety of churches, teach such doctrines and dogmas as they believe; but let the State inculcate the practical duties of citizenship.

We enforce these duties, under penalty of the law, without regard to religion; why should we not give instruction in them without regard to religion? A simple digest of the principles of conduct under the law could be made for school use. It would do the children good, and might help to vitalize and to lift the law.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Never judge a woman by the number of drinks she takes.

The Acrobat in Politics

WE MUST admire good humor, a blithe temper and a resilient imagination, even when they show forth in inferior men. What we call faithfulness does not always go beyond mere persistency of first impression in a simple and not very adaptable nature.

This seems to be more generally true of politicians than of any other class of men, especially politicians who pride themselves upon being always true to their party. The man typical of this class has an infallible digestion, thick blood, a mind which manifests itself by a jocund light in the face and a flamboyant style of conversation. He is a Republican, a Democrat, a Whig, a Tory, no matter what extreme changes of principle he is required to make year by year in order to fit himself to his place. He keeps his willing and alert eyes upon the signal station at party headquarters. Whatever the message is, he takes off his hat and cheers. Last year he was for a tariff, this year he is for free trade, next year he will be for anything and everything that his party may put into its platform.

It is wonderful to see this politician's unhesitating enthusiasm in behalf of what he lately condemned as "unpatriotic and in violation of time honored principles." He is nimble at all times; but his agility is amazing when a complete turning inside-out of all his political raiment must be accomplished upon the shortest possible notice. Yet, when you hint to him that some or all of his party's early leaders were but men like ourselves, and might have erred here and there in dogmatically laying down political rules and regulations for all times and all generations, he bridles sturdily and laughs in your face.

Emerson shrewdly said: "Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books." Yet, if you say to the politician, "Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin and Madison were but men, a century or so gone by, and spoke for their own time and generation, not necessarily for ours," lo! what a record of horror! You may even quote to him Jefferson's own words: "Can one generation bind another, all others, in succession forever? I think not. The Creator has made the earth for the living, not the dead," but he only smiles and says, "Why, yes, that's so, I believe that," and the next day he is making a stump speech to prove that the present generation is firmly and unalterably bound by all that Thomas Jefferson ever said! Still a week, a month or a year later he will be quoting Hamilton, or Clay, or Webster to upset the whole theory. Meantime, his face has grown ruddier, his digestion better and his cheerfulness more magnetically apparent.

A war comes: he is in favor of whipping the whole world before breakfast; peace comes, and he condemns every man who went to the front. He clearly shows that the war was iniquitous and its results destructive of "those time-honored principles set forth," and so on. Or, if war has been avoided by successful diplomacy, he puts his ear to the ground for a hint of what his party is going to promulgate, and then up he leaps to denounce the cowardice of those in power who shrank from the glorious shock of patriotic battle, and sneaked away from the high responsibility of ordering the drums to beat, the trumpets to blare, the flag to wave, the fleet to sail and the army to march. Ah, but he is a fine fellow, this cheerful politician, and when he takes you by the hand and smiles into your eye, ten to one you feel his goodness and his greatness so plainly and so deeply that your vote goes into his vest pocket, and you are proud of yourself.

The United States Senate seems to be bowing to popular opinion in order to postpone the popular vote.

The Field-Days of Virtue

THE prevalence of vice in our large cities, and the apparent failure of so many reform movements, does not prove that vice is stronger than virtue, but is due rather to the fact that vice is ever at work, while virtue takes its vacations. The lawless element, including everything from the saloon that keeps open after hours and allows a crap game in its back room to the regular policy shop, is professionally bad. That is, it is bad as a part of its business. Its business will not prosper unless it can avoid the law. Its bread and butter depend upon preventing the law's operation. As a result it is active day and night, and its work prospers. But the reform forces are at work only now and then when some one calls attention to the fact that the city is lawless.

This does not mean that the reformers are not in earnest. They are thoroughly in earnest. It means that reform is not their business. The bad have few interests which are not concerned in the work of avoiding law. The reformers, on the other hand, have no business interests which are directly connected with reform. They are teaching, or preaching, or selling goods, and these occupations take their attention. Having no strong personal motive forcing them to activity, as have the representatives of lawlessness, they let matters go, taking it for granted that the laws are being enforced.

But suddenly some one raises a cry. The town has been captured by the "sporting" element. The town is "wide open." The good people are aroused and turn from their work to grapple with the enemy. Now we see a fair fight, for one side is as active as the other. We see that good is the stronger, for in ninety nine cases out of one hundred the saloons are compelled to close on time, the pool rooms are abolished and the gamblers driven out of town. But though we see here the strength of good we are soon to behold the weakness of present-day reform work. Seeing the town clean, the reformers go about their work again. They assume that now things have been started in the right direction they will continue so.

This is a strange conclusion. The reformers are most of them persons who have studied more or less both of books and life. They know that a comparatively small constant force will overcome a much greater power whose action is spasmodic. They know this, yet by one of those strange human inconsistencies which lead men to believe what they want to believe rather than what they know to be true they assume that the city will remain "reformed" forever.

But the bad are not idle for a moment. If they cannot be lawless their business is ruined. Their bread and butter depend upon their ability to get around the law. The minute the reformers relax their vigilance the bad element is busy again, doing everything in its power to control the officials and to destroy the results of the reform wave. In a few days evil is as rampant as ever. It will be some time, however, before the reformers will waken to this fact. When they do there will be another reform wave, another day of cleanliness for the city, another period of vice and then reform again.

And so the strife will go on; vice constant because it is the business of the bad; reform spasmodic because it is merely a side issue with the reformers. If reform ever comes to be permanently triumphant it will be in a day when the reformer's ideals are as strong a motive power as are the bad man's bread and butter; in a day when the reformer makes a business of upholding his ideals and works as constantly for reform as he would work for his living. Until then civic vice will continue to hold sway with only an occasional field day for civic virtue.

—LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

If it were as much fun to make money as it is to spend it, what a world of plutocrats this would be!

Americans *in* Paris

DR. MONCURE D. CONWAY, whose well seasoned life of Thomas Paine gives as striking a picture as any of pre revolutionary days, has just finished a French edition of his book In rewriting his history in a foreign language, Doctor Conway has, of course, made profitable use of a bi-lingual secretary; but even under those favorable circumstances his task is one that few writers would care to face

"The archives here are full of curious diplomatic and police reports on matters concerning the early days of the republic," said Doctor Conway the other afternoon, "and I have made a number of interesting discoveries, but, after all, the greatest historical 'find' I know of in recent years came to light in Boston. As you know, Boston is rich in historic documents. Among them is an old diary which was kept by a certain Judge Butler during the seventies of the last century. Historians know it well. It has been quoted and requoted, for it is a plain statement of facts, prepared by a man who knew the legal value of facts. In reading this over I came to the description of the battle of Lexington. You remember, of course, that the British are supposed to have fired first; for many years it was called not the battle, but the massacre of Lexington. Very well; this contemporary record states with circumstantial detail that the first provocation came from the American side. The Yankee soldiers had been ordered not to fire. There was one man, however, whose excitement ran away with him. He snapped his old flintlock. It flashed in the pan. But this flash of harmless powder called forth the English fire, and lit a war that lasted seven years and changed the history of our continent. In addition, had it been known at the time that the British fire was not unprovoked, there would have been no movement for separation from England It was the 'massacre' that stirred up Paine and Franklin, and they were the two men who persuaded Washington to take a stand for a free America

"There is room for thought in an incident of this kind," Doctor Conway added, "especially when it comes to light after a century and a quarter."

An Episode in the History of a Historian

Few historians have led so broad and full a life as Moncure Conway He has been a clergyman, a soldier, a reformer, and always he has been the man-of letters When he was at the head of that famous "chapel" in London, the creed of which was purely ethical, he made it a rendezvous for all the writers and artists of the day. His theory that sound ethics and good literature go hand in hand needs emphasis.

"After the Exposition," said Doctor Conway, "I shall go back to America for good When a man's hair begins to whiten he wants to be near his own people and in his own land. But I shall always think of Paris—we have known each other so many years, this bright city and I; and, after all, the atmosphere of Paris is good for a man to think in. It breeds thought. And, moreover, it breeds clear thinking And then it is the mother of modern art"

Doctor Conway said these things as he stood balancing his teacup at one of Mrs. Spicer Simson's receptions

"And so I shall go to the 'Quat-z Arts' ball," he added

"Oh, Doctor," the ladies cried in chorus, "but it is at the Moulin Rouge!"

"So shall I be," said the Doctor

"But I understood that the art students carry on awfully at these balls of theirs," one of the ladies said maliciously

"So they do," said Doctor Conway. "They shout and dance and sing and amuse themselves just as witty and careless young men always have done, and, I trust, always will do. I want to take home that souvenir—a fragment of [illegible] of historians

This Year's Salon Shorn of its Glories

The Salon is shorn of its glory this year. In the first place, it had to open a month earlier than usual in order to escape the danger of being snuffed out by the Exposition; then the only home it could find in this city of palaces was the tented field of the horse show—a dreary place, which is notable only because it is "near the Artesian Well." There are not half so many exhibits as last year, and, on the whole, the pictures are a bit under the average in quality. Many of the great painters, who usually show yards of space on the walls of the Salon, have reserved their new works for the larger galleries of the Exposition. The American painters in Paris have not received much encouragement to exhibit in the American section of the Exposition, so they have flocked to the Salon. And there they have won a very remarkable success. There is no exaggeration in saying that out of the best fifty pictures one half are by American painters. Of course, this is in the way of being a "record."

On "varnishing day" one gains admission chiefly by invitation, and is jostled by all the notabilities, from the President of the Republic to the latest famous model. Artists come and go, posing in front of their pictures, or tossing ejaculations up toward the ceiling, where their year's work is "skyed." The man who has his bust or portrait on exhibition flutters about this little candle of celebrity like a moth. It is a crowd at once pathetic and droll and fashionable And this crowd, though the critics will not admit it, makes and unmakes reputations. This year it streamed away toward Hall VI, crowded around picture 1225, and conferred immortality upon a young man from Philadelphia of whom not one in a thousand had heard. Few could pronounce his name; the next day it was spelled wrong in all the newspapers—but fame had come. The painter is J Lewis Smith; the subject of his picture is the shore at Dinard, with carriages, strollers, the sea beyond and a steamship coming up The first impression is a little dry and hard, for there is almost photographic precision in details. But, on second [illegible] the picture grows tremendously on you. It has the [illegible] and forthrightness that lovers of Manet know

[illegible]rnishing day" this new artist must have felt a little like Byron, who awoke and found himself famous. Probably the best of art is that such a thing can happen now and then

The Burden of the White Man's Law on Art

As much as anything, though, I was interested by the Sons of the Men. It is always interesting. You have known So and So, a painter or a poet, you have loved his work then of a sudden there comes up some one who [illegible] himself "Son of" So-and So, and you wonder and begin to feel that the generations are slipping by

Here was Ridgway Knight's Quietude, quite in his oldest vein. A little farther on I saw a charming Canal in Holland, and I signaled it to the two young women in blue, who followed me meekly, waiting to know what they should not admire. Then I turned to the catalogue to trace out the author. I read: "*Aston Louis Knight, born in United States, pupil of Jules Lefebvre and of his father.*"

Another son of a famous artist who has won success this year is Alpheus Cole, whose father's marvelous engravings have brought into almost every American home the masterpieces of the European galleries. Mr Alpheus Cole has just turned twenty-one years of age, and in Dante Watching the Building of the Cathedral in Florence he has painted a very fine picture, though I do not think it is the type of his ultimate work He would not talk about art that morning in the Salon, for the burden of the white man's law was heavy upon him

"I was born in America," he explained sadly, "at least New Jersey is supposed to be there, but I have been living abroad so long that I shall have to return to the United States and remain a year, or lose my right to be treated as an American citizen. That is, the Government will tax my pictures as though they were the works of a foreigner. It seems hard, just when I am deep in my studies and my work"

It did seem hard; and in fact the laws erected by unwitting legislators for the protection of American artists need a good deal of revision. So long as the laws are aimed at keeping art works out of the country and preventing continuous study at the art centres abroad, we shall never get that national [illegible] which we all dream fondly. You can raise literature in the loom of your own back garden, but art, as history makes pretty plain, has to be transplanted from the garden where it grows best. Then you may graft and train the original plant as you please —VANCE THOMPSON

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Opinions are like individuals—they are unlike. Many a man has departed life without leaving behind him one hundred cents, and still he was successful as a man, as a friend, as a companion and in good deeds. But speaking of financial success or the accumulation of dollars and cents, that end is more difficult to attain. Those whose sole desire is the getting of money, must have the advantage of one indifferent to hoarding

Human faculties do not develop in the same direction; therefore men are unequal if given the same opportunities. There are a hundred and one different features that enter into this proposition of success [illegible] one's train may as well be employed "throwing the wind" as not [illegible] out the pathway to life for any individual to attain financial success [illegible] venture to say that education is the first principle of success in any walk of life.

H Travis Sheras

Kalamazoo, Michigan

Editor Saturday Evening Post

Under the heading Mysteries there was published a few weeks ago the story of General Sam Houston's abandonment of the Governorship of Tennessee and taking up life among the Indians in Arkansas.

Several years ago, when living at Nashville, Tennessee, I was told this story by an old gentleman who was one of Houston's closest friends

"Houston married in January, 1829, a very handsome and attractive young lady, a member of one of the best families in the State, residing at Gallatin, thirty miles north of Nashville. He was then Governor and a candidate for a second term. His real purpose in marrying her was to advance his political interests. The attentions his wife received exasperated Houston, who was of a morose, jealous disposition and his domestic life was unhappy.

"One Saturday in April, 1829, I attended a barbecue with Houston, where he and his opponent, ex-Governor Carroll both made speeches. I saw that the crowd was with him and told him so, to his great pleasure, and when we separated in the evening he was in the best of spirits. Monday morning I called to see him at the Nashville Inn, where he boarded, and was at first refused admittance, but finally the door was opened by his physician, Doctor Shelby. I found Houston lying on the bed with his face covered, and to my astonished inquiries Doctor Shelby replied that Mrs. Houston's father had come down from Gallatin the day before and that she had returned with him to her family, leaving her husband for good. Houston exclaimed, 'I'm a [illegible]

"He said that he alone was to blame, that he had determined to exile himself among the Cherokee Indians, and that he wanted me to carry his resignation as Governor to the Secretary of State, which, after being urged, I consented to do. The next day Shelby and I went aboard a steamer with Houston, who was in disguise, and he went down the Cumberland"

In view of this narrative it is evident that it was a feeling of mortification at his wife's leaving him that caused Houston to abandon his high office and don the clothing and adopt the habits of an Indian

Oakland, California JOHN T BELL.

Editor Saturday Evening Post

One able writer alludes to the fact that there is no lack of ability among the young men—that it is devotion to the occupation that is most needed and is so sadly wanting in the average employee

I agree with the hypothesis, but is it a fact that the majority of young men fail? I think not. So far as the production of wealth is concerned, the present generation is a phenomenal success. It is in the distribution of the wealth produced that failure is made The overproducers, and as a result he is looked upon as a "failure"

In attempting to solve the question, our economic conditions [illegible] be considered. We find everywhere young men who are thoroughly absorbed by and devoted to the interests of their employers [illegible] trifling increase of salary is all they have to show for their care

In many cases the young men who are discontented, who have never succeeded in entering the occupation of their choice, are the most alert to the true condition of affairs. They are the first to realize that there is something wrong, and make the best citizens when an opportunity comes to right the wrong J W KERRIGAN

Detroit, Michigan

Editor Saturday Evening Post

I was deeply interested in the letter of M M Reisar and I think that although present social conditions are responsible for his position, the remedy is in his own hands The principal factor in any young man's life is his spare time, and I believe an hour spent in playing [illegible] help a person in business as much as an hour of the subtlest thought

We are a materialistic, utilitarian people with Kipling as poet laureate And his story of Tommy—who was admitted to neither Heaven nor Hell because, although "he had heard and felt and read of things in a book," he had nothing to answer when asked "What ha' ye done"—represents the spirit of the age Our business men want bookkeepers, stenographers, machinists, etc., but abstract thinkers they do not want The business world has the money, and M. M. R. does not do it any good because he can appreciate Tennyson and Emerson. In fact, rather the reverse, for time and energy spent in psychological study must be taken from material works. If he would spend some of his time learning what would give the world material benefit then he would get back material benefit. But for philosophy we pay little. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

C. J. FERGUSON

House of Commons, Ottawa

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

I AM much impressed with one thing here at the Capital concerning those who go to make up the smart world, and that is, that they take their pleasures very much as Daniel made his prayer, with their windows wide open. For the smallest as well as the greatest event seems always to have an appreciative audience, which, if not taking any actual part, looks on indulgently as though watching royalty at play. Goethe says that "nobody looks any longer at the rainbow which has lasted a quarter of an hour," but to my mind this wise comment cannot hold good, for the rainbow here in Washington has been in full view for a good deal more than a quarter of a year instead of a quarter of an hour, and every shade or flash of the prism still seems to be hailed with as keen a delight by the onlookers as it was in the beginning.

Page says that she fears I shall never rise to great heights socially, for I am not possessed of the genuine social instinct, else I would never tire, never see the flaws and never grumble; but I am so satiated and gorged with pleasures that, like the person some one tells of, I feel as though I had never worn anything but fringes or eaten anything but sauces. The keenest pleasure that I can picture to myself would be to have a crust of bread and be out on an arid plain somewhere with not a human being in sight. Robert says that if I had my crust and my arid plain I'd be scratching back again to civilization and society by the very shortest route. I am sure, though, that Robert does me rank injustice, for the other night, during the extraordinary festive performances at Corcoran House, I found that I took but a languid interest in the remarkable cake-walk, and could only smile feebly at the coon costumes and the pigeonwings with which the young people of the smart set marked the early hours of the night. I suppose my indifference was really *ennui* springing from satiety. I fully believe that ambition is not more reckless of human happiness than *ennui*.

In reality, Corcoran House is more worthy of notice than I had energy to bestow that night, for both past and present it seems to be possessed of a certain prestige over and above almost any other residence here at the Capital, and the entrée there, no matter who dispenses its hospitality, appears to stamp the individual with the hallmark of gentility, if not of smartness. At this cotillon and cake walk this historic old mansion really seemed to take on something of dignity and grandeur of which not all the boisterous mirth of the young people could rob it.

Page says that until I have seen a real negro cake walk I have never seen the genuine thing, that no matter how clever and agile these smart society people were, they were only an imitation with the essence of the whole thing left out. I will confess that I thought it, in all conscience, *outré* enough to satisfy anybody, and that it possessed quite as much "essence" as I cared for. And the gravity and earnestness with which the host of the house, Senator Depew, and the German Ambassador, aided by Senator Kean, acted as judges of the capers and pigeonwings, and finally awarded a huge white cake for the same, struck somewhat athwart my unsophisticated Spruce City notions of the eternal fitness of things. Later, when the cotillon was danced and I saw the nimbleness and lightsomeness with which our host led out the prettiest girl in the ballroom, I was impressed with the versatility and skill with which this statesman could lead either a Senatorial debate or a young woman through the intricacies of the german. It was a clear case of 'tis" not by the gray of the hair that one knows the age of the heart.

One of the really charming features of this ball was the old garden, lighted with tiny electric lights in red, white and blue, which threw out, in almost mystic beauty, great masses of flowering shrubs that were in their full glory of white and pink bloom. It was while wandering through this quaint old garden that I found my enjoyment of the occasion in the bits of historic gossip which came to my ears and which chimed in with the sights and sounds of revelry around me. It was here in days gone by that the wealth and wit of the Capital used to gather when Daniel Webster was in the zenith of his fame and used to dispense the hospitality of the [illegible]. Later, when Mr. Corcoran's great [illegible] enlarged and beautified the house and had laid out this lovely, high-walled garden, the whole was thrown open in a famous ball which was given for no other purpose than to administer a snub to one woman in Washington, who in that day was the leader of the social world; and this ball and its snub have come down to this generation, along with the mansion and the garden, as a legacy. It was Admiral R—— who told me the story as we sauntered up and down the wide garden paths.

"You see, Mrs. Slocum, Mr. Corcoran was a great man in this part of the world and he was a power in money markets. He had come of very humble origin. His father had been a cobbler, and the early boyhood of the son had been spent in hard work and poverty, but the father was an ambitious man withal, and, making his way from one thing to another, became finally Mayor of Georgetown.

"It was while Mayor of Georgetown that he gave a ball to which the Washington smart world of that day was bidden, and the leader of that smart world was the brilliant Mrs. Gales, whose sway at the Capital here was powerful and prolonged. Well, Mrs. Gales went to the Mayor's ball and walked once up and down the rooms with her lorgnette raised to her eyes in supercilious fashion, when, all unconscious of the presence of the Mayor's son, she said to her companion with affected concern and loud enough for all to hear, 'Dear me! don't you smell shoemaker's wax?'

"Young Corcoran never forgot that speech. Some years later, when he was rich and powerful, he bought this old Webster house with this big old garden and made of it what you see it to-day. When everything was complete he threw it all open and gave the most magnificent ball which this Southern town had ever seen, and everybody was invited, everybody save one woman, and that woman was Mrs. Gales. Mrs. Gales, finding that she alone of all the important personages of the town was left out, swallowed her pride and sued for a card of invitation. Mr. Corcoran returned a polite note saying that he 'feared to invite Mrs. Gales lest she should be made ill by the smell of shoemaker's wax.'"

This story was far more entertaining to me than were the hilarious cake-walkers within the mansion. It gave my jaded interest quite a fillip and Corcoran House took on new attributes in my eyes. I led the Admiral on to tell me more. He continued:

"This whole square facing Lafayette Park used to be known, years ago, as the 'tragic square,' for public attention was called to it by the many appalling tragedies that occurred here. On the right hand corner, over there, is the old Decatur house which Commodore Decatur built with prize-money, and it was from that house that he came forth on the morning he fought his duel with Barron, at Bladensburg, and it was to that house he was brought back to die when he fell in the duel, mortally wounded. It seemed to be almost an exemplification of the old saying, 'For all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword.' A little beyond the Decatur house is the Colfax house, where Schuyler Colfax lived during the brilliant days of his Speakership, and where he was later overtaken by a storm of political ruin which drove him mad. On this side of the square and only a few doors below here occurred under peculiar circumstances the suicide of a gracious woman. Down on the corner which forms now a part of the Arlington is the house where Charles Sumner lived when he was assaulted in the Senate chamber by Preston Brooks, and where he lay unconscious so long from his injuries. Across, diagonally, from the Sumner house is the old Madison house, where Dolly Madison lived for years after she left the White House. This is now the Cosmos Club. Farther along on that side is the Ogle Tayloe house, where Mark Hanna now lives, and directly next to him only within a few years stood the house of all others that was famous for its tragedies, and which up to the day it was torn down quite overshadowed the whole square with the gloom of its happenings.

"The first tragedy that I ever knew of in connection with that house happened in 1841, when I was a mere boy. Spencer, who was Secretary of War at that time, lived in the house, and his son, a midshipman in the U. S. N., mutinied on board the man-of-war Somers and was hanged from the yardarm of the ship. A few years later two members of President Tyler's Cabinet, Upshur and Gilmer, were living in the house and they were both killed by the explosion of a gun on the Princeton while down the Potomac River on an excursion. And, by the way, Mrs. Slocum, Mr. Corcoran told me in this very house that he entertained the Princeton party here at luncheon before it started on its fatal jaunt. The luncheon, it seems, was set for fourteen, but one of the number failed to appear, so the party sat down thirteen at table. That night two of them, Upshur and Gilmer, were dead, and Mr. Corcoran, though scorning to be thought superstitious, admitted to me that he would never thereafter be one of thirteen at table."

The Admiral paused as I shivered, and said:

"Shall I stop?"

"No. Go on."

"A few years after this tragedy, Philip Barton Key was shot in front of this same house by General Sickles and was carried in there to die. Then, years afterward, Mr. Seward rented the house while he was Secretary of State, and it was there that the assassin Payne made his dastardly attempt on his life the night that Lincoln was assassinated. Then General Belknap, in Grant's time, nothing daunted, took this tragic house and his misfortunes began there, which culminated in one of the most appalling political scandals of the age. Then Secretary Blaine tried the house and lived there when he was Secretary of State, and we all know what dire misfortunes befell him ——"

"Oh, stop! stop!" I cried.

I only want to add that next to this tragedy-haunted place, all during the war, was the provost marshal's office whence men went either to their deaths or to political [illegible].

"Don't tell me any more, I pray you!"

I felt as though a chill had swept over me in this enchanted garden, and I was just going to drag the Admiral back among the dancers when a whole troop of merry revelers came down the garden paths wearing quaint bonnets and taking quaint steps as they tripped a figure of the cotillon under the stars and the electric lights. They effectually dispelled the gloom which my plunge into the tragedies of the past had brought me.

Meantime, apart from social events, things political seem to hold the boards and I am much interested in the quiet struggle going on in Congress. This struggle is against that "bogie," legislation, for no man can foresee in this campaign year what dragons' teeth may be sown in a bill which may spring up and sprout into armed and hostile foes. Therefore the fewer the bills, the fewer the ills, is the motto of the steering committee. This steering committee of nine wise men may meet the same fate of the three wise men who went to sea in a bowl, and every one knows what that fate was. I was asking Senator P—— what he thought they would accomplish in the exercise of the staving-off process.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "The time is growing short between now and June 19, and before that time we ought to be off the hands of the President and out of the way. The committee is having parleys by night and by day to see what can be safely shelved."

"I saw a very amusing incident in the House the other day," I said. "I was in the diplomatic gallery. Both party whips were hard at work, and I was never more amused than by the sight of one poor man who had been trying to get shaved over in the Democratic barber-shop, and every time that he would get settled comfortably in the chair some one would go dancing in on him and bring him into the House, where his vote would be recorded, no matter what stage his tonsorial toilet was in. Once he popped in through the lobby door with his face covered with a pleasing lather and called out his vote in an apologetic tone. A little later, when there were several quick, successive votes, he stood within the doorway, the picture of misery, with his coat buttoned up to his chin, for of course he was collarless, until Mr. Hepburn finally had to give up because there was no quorum. It was one of the funniest side-shows I ever witnessed in my life."

And I went off into laughter at the memory, in which the Senator joined. Finally I asked, recovering my gravity:

"And what will you do with the Ship-subsidy bill?"

"There's the rub!" responded the Senator. "This bill must be staved off in spite of the determined fight Hanna is making in its behalf. I'm inclined to believe that the result of the Quay contest will help to settle its fate at this session. Wolcott amused us yesterday at our meeting of the steering committee by informing Mr. Hanna that it might not be wise of him to press the Subsidy bill in view of the fact that there were likely to be several Senators who would oppose it 'on Constitutional grounds.' When Wolcott quoted this phrase he looked slyly around at us in the most irresistibly funny way. Of course there was a laugh at Hanna at this thrust, but somehow the Senator from Ohio could not see the joke and his face remained as unsmiling as that of a sphinx."

"And that reminds me," I interrupted, "speaking of Mr. Hanna suggests the Honorable Timothy L. Woodruff, whom Mr. Hanna does not favor for second place on the ticket. I saw Mr. Woodruff at the Capitol yesterday and was surprised by his appearance. Why, he seems a mere chubby boy! I tried to fancy him presiding in the Senate, but somehow his round, chubby face, which the middle parting of his hair seems to divide into equal halves, would not lend itself to the picture of a Vice President."

"Yes," returned the Senator, "Woodruff was at the Capitol all the afternoon. I met him and was rather pleasantly impressed with him. Young as he looks, he is in reality two or three years older than Roosevelt. He struck me as a solid, substantial, wide-awake citizen who was honest enough to admit that he was a candidate for Vice President, and it seemed to me that his boom might grow to a very healthy realization."

"How would you like it?" I asked inquisitively.

"Well," said he with a twinkle, "I'm like the man who would not say that he did not believe in love at first sight, but he admitted that he did believe in taking a strong second look."

We both laughed, then I said reflectively: "Mr. Woodruff did not seem to bear any sign about him either of loud waistcoat or cravat which the newspapers have so harped on?"

"No," returned the Senator. "Some one ventured to chaff him yesterday about the stories in the newspapers concerning his waistcoats and cravats, and he laughed and said good naturedly: 'For the life of me I cannot tell how the story ever got started that I had a penchant for loud waistcoats. My clothes are always conventional, and, so far as I am aware, there has never been anything multi-colored or vociferous about my

neckwear even. Still, the waistcoat stays must have its run, I suppose."

"How did he strike others at the Capitol?"

"He made a good impression in both the House and the Senate, and his visit to the Capitol has been of much benefit to him. He put in a busy afternoon with the politicians of all degrees and kinds."

"Is it true, Senator P——," asked I, suddenly remembering some political gossip I had overheard, "that there was an understanding between Mr. Hanna and Mr. Foraker that if the latter shouldered all the responsibility for the Puerto Rican bill in the Senate and got it through, a plank should be inserted in the Ohio platform specifically indorsing the bill and thereby protecting Mr. Foraker from any odium that might attach to him?"

"Oh, well," said the Senator uneasily, and shifting about in his chair, "it was said that there was something of that sort, but I——"

He did not finish. It was evident that Senator P would not commit himself. It was equally clear that he possessed some knowledge. I persisted:

"Well, the Ohio platform did not specifically indorse the bill; and Mr. Hanna did control the convention.

"Very true," said he grimly; then beginning to smile he said, "I hope you did not overlook, Mrs. Slocum, the amazing military feat which Hanna boasted in his speech at Columbus that the sons of Ohio would perform in the coming campaign."

"What was that?" asked I, scenting something amusing.

"He promises that all the Republican sons of Ohio shall stand in a solid phalanx in the front rank of the fight, and as a phalanx of itself comprises a number of ranks of varied arrangement, you will see that the Senator's promised military feat threatens a revolution in tactics."

And the Senator chuckled greatly over it, and drawing out his pencil, said:

"A phalanx might take on an arrangement thus, or it might be of such proportion and shape as this."

And he drew queer things that looked like geometrical designs, and continued:

"But you see what a remarkable feat it would be for all the ranks to be in the front row."

As he put up his pencil he added dryly:

"However, Ohio is a most wonderful State. Perhaps her sons may manage it after all."

SENATOR HANNA'S HOUSE

THE OLD BLAINE MANSION, WHICH STOOD ON THE SITE NOW OCCUPIED BY THE LAFAYETTE SQUARE THEATRE

Saluting in the Navy

SOME one has estimated that it costs a million dollars a year to fire the military and naval salutes of the world demanded by international and service etiquette. All governments use an inferior grade of ammunition for the purpose, the United States, for instance, expending its condemned powder in this way, but with even this economical resort, the cost of the noisy salute is prodigious. It has been said that the roar of the saluting gun never ceases—that is, at some place, during every second of time, a salute is being fired. This furnishes an idea of the generous impulses which are demonstrated between nations or as marks of individual respect.

The saluting customs are most critically observed by those whose duty it is to carry them out. In the Army, the regulations are comparatively simple, but in the Navy, where our ships are constantly visiting foreign ports and are encountering new observances, the etiquette of saluting is quite formidable.

Usually on our ships of war rapid-fire guns of the three-pounder type are used for firing salutes. They make sufficient noise with the minimum expenditure of powder, and noise is the principal feature of the gun salute. When an American vessel is in a foreign port where there is also a distinguished naval officer of another government, the latter sends a formal note to the American officer advising him of the day and hour of his intended visit to pay his respects. The American officer calls his orderly and sends word to the first lieutenant, who, in turn, advises the ordnance officer. The latter sends for the gunner's mate and directs him to have everything in readiness for the regulation salute at the appointed hour. He sends also for the quartermaster and orders that the flag of the government of the visitor be made ready for proper display.

An hour before the time of the visit active preparations have been completed for the spectacular reception; the cartridges have been tried and several extra cartridges are laid aside. A careful watch is kept of the approach of the visitor, and when he is seen to have "shoved off" word is passed to the commanding officer and subordinate officers who are concerned in the demonstration. The visit is attended with much ceremony, including the calling out of the marine guard, if one be on board the ship. The visitor is escorted to the Captain's cabin and is entertained at the expense of the commanding officer. The call is usually of only a few moments' duration and, in most instances, is of a stiffly formal character, sometimes carried on with the aid of an interpreter.

It is when the visitor leaves the ship that the salute is fired and not until he is well free of the vessel. This custom is observed as a protection against disaster and is dictated by experience. Serious, and sometimes fatal, accidents have occurred to members of the visiting party by the discharge of a gun. Simultaneously with the firing of the gun, the flag of the ship's country and the flag of the visitor's country are displayed. They are hauled down together when the last gun salute has been fired.

Salutes vary in different countries, but, in view of the international exchange of courtesies, most nations have adopted the same number of guns for the various salutes—a sort of universal powder value placed upon celebrations and dignitaries. The royal salute is generally twenty-one guns, excepting in the case of the Chinese Government, where three guns constitute that honor. Japan has adopted the European custom. Twenty-one guns are fired for all rulers, republican and monarchical, regardless of the extent, wealth or importance of the country. In answering salutes American ships usually return gun for gun, although our national salute is one gun for each State.

A custom adopted with serene bravado by our Revolutionary ancestors, which still survives, is that an American vessel, meeting a foreign ship, never dips its flag except in answer to such a courtesy from the stranger. It happens sometimes, especially when an American ship meets a Russian vessel, that this naval salutation is entirely omitted, although on board each ship the quartermaster stands at the halyards ready to dip the flag three times if the other ship takes the initiative. It is like two men meeting and passing without greeting, each waiting for the other to speak first.

One of the prettiest salutes is that of dipping the flag or bringing it half-way down the mast, holding it there a second and then running it to the top again. Merchant ships dip their flag but once. Pennants are never dipped, and are always displayed, day and night.

There are all sorts of rules which naval officers abroad faithfully observe in the matter of salutes. A certain number of guns is stipulated for officers of different grades, and the salutes include not only military and naval officials, but civil officers, royal personages and our own diplomatic representatives. The forts at the entrance of harbors are always saluted. Birthdays of foreign potentates are also honored when any of their vessels are in the presence of foreign nations.

Most of the rules for salutes have come down to us from olden times, their origin being matters of conjecture. One of the most fruitful topics of controversy in this respect is the reason for the practice of firing three volleys over a grave or in honor of the dead. The most plausible and most generally accepted notion in explanation of the custom is that it is a survival of the ancient practice of ringing a bell or sounding a gong three times, which stood for "Father, Son and Holy Ghost." When the bell-ringing stopped and ordnance was invented, the volley took the place of the stroke on the metal.

One of the regulations most strictly adhered to by all nations is that there shall be no gun salutes between sunset and sunrise. The reasons for this are obvious. The noise would naturally disturb inhabitants of neighboring towns, and under some conditions might operate to no good purpose. Attacks under cover of night and in the guise of salutes might be effected. One instance of the detrimental consequences of a violation of this custom was afforded in the port of Wei Hei Wei during the war between Japan and China. The appearance of a Japanese flagship at that port after dark was the occasion of a salute by a British naval officer who chanced to be there also. Incidentally the Chinese gained their first knowledge of the presence of the enemy by this nocturnal salute. There was a good deal of a diplomatic row over the affair, but it was explained away on the ground of individual carelessness, moreover, Japan found herself in the position of not being able to protest against what was alleged to be a tribute to her dignity and worth.

Army and Navy officers frequently discuss the usefulness of the gun salute. Most of them ridicule it and classify it with the traditional "tomfoolery" of apparel and formality which nearly all officers pretend to dislike. All of them, however, realize that it is impressive, and that "special full dress" and the display of flags and the salute from the guns add to the dignity of government. These accessories are quite as necessary in the conduct of nations for the preservation of international comity as are the courtesies between friends.

The idea of a gun salute probably has for its underlying motive the assurance of good will, as demonstrated by the discharge of a gun with all the racket and none of the danger of a gun loaded for active work. The same idea is conveyed in the salute of the sword, bringing it to a position which indicates that the holder has no desire to run the saluted through the body, or in the presenting of arms in such a manner as to show that they are not to be used to disadvantage, or in the raising of the hat, our every day salutation, which may have come from the days when the helmet was removed to show the defenseless and peaceful attitude of its wearer.

Though naval salutes are costly, and though officers sometimes believe they are unnecessary and frequently ask that they be omitted, it is likely that they will continue as part of the courtesy of nations.

—JOHN EDWARD JENKS,
Editor *Army and Navy Register*.

IS YOUR TABLE SUPPLIED WITH THE
FERRIS
FAMOUS
Hams
AND
Boneless Bacon?

One of the Oldest and yet most UP TO DATE CURING HOUSES in the United States.
YEARS have brought EXPERIENCE
FINE QUALITY has won REPUTATION
SUCCESS has provided the finest FACILITIES
Best GROCERS and MARKETS depend on the Ferris Brand

On Jellies
Preserves and pickles spread a thin coating of refined
PARAFFINE WAX
Will keep them absolutely moisture and air proof. Pure Paraffine Wax is also useful in a dozen other ways about the home. Full directions in each pound package. Sold everywhere.
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OUR BLUE BOOK
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The Blue Book sent free
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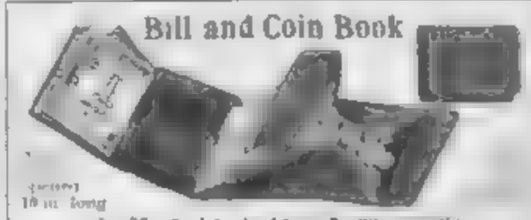
Trim Waists
The Priscilla
Skirt And Waist Holder keeps them securely together, does not make lifting or bending go a bit easier. The equalized elastic insures perfect hang and comfort. Found on having the PRISCILLA — no others so good. If your dealer hasn't it, send 10 cents.
The Safety Skirt Pocket Co., 706 Main St., Ann Arbor, Mich.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No. 36 Seal-grained Cow, $ 00 per pair
No. 66 — Genuine Seal, $1 00 per pair
Keeps bills straight. Coin pocket. Double bottom. Locks. For well-dressed men of useful ideas. Also for men and women.
D. A. MCPHERSON & CO., 22 Rose St., New York City

How to Buy a Horse

By A. H. Godfrey

IT IS WISE TO MAKE AN OFFER ON A SHOW HORSE BEFORE IT WINS A PRIZE

THERE is, perhaps, no commercial transaction upon which one can get more information gratis than the purchase of a horse If all this gratuitous advice were reliable one might profit by it. Unfortunately most of it is misleading. Even one's personal friends are not always to be relied upon, and those who are well posted are generally averse to recommending a horse, for it is proverbial that the closest friendships are sometimes severed as a result of a horse deal

To the novice wholly unfamiliar with horses I would say: Either make your purchase from a person in whom you have confidence, or rely upon the services of a reputable veterinary surgeon, who, by virtue of constant observation and comparison of animals adapted to a variety of purposes, must necessarily be a fair judge of conformation, pace and action, and competent to give an authoritative opinion upon the soundness, constitution and temperament of a horse

The Fellow Who Knows it All

If, however, you know enough about a horse to keep one, you will prefer to use your own judgment to some extent in its selection rather than leave the matter wholly to a third person. If so, let me urge you to take heed of the old axiom, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing" It applies to horse-dealing as to every other line of business. Knowing little to commence with, it will be wise to attend quietly several sales, public and private, and study the several types of horses offered. In this way, though you may not be gifted with an eye for proportion, and may lack the natural talent to comprehend, at a glance, all the good and bad points of a horse, you will soon learn to recognize the useful as distinguished from the merely ornamental animal. You will also quickly become convinced that it is much easier to find the "ordinary" horse fairly well trained to ride and drive and not actually vicious, than to procure, at a reasonable figure, a high-class horse likely to prove satisfactory in every respect. Thus you will gradually, but surely, lower your ideal and cease your search for the absolutely perfect animal. Soundness in horseflesh is a question of degree. Indeed, experienced horsemen are satisfied with animals declared to be "practically sound"—that is, able to perform their work without inconvenience to themselves or their owners, and with no apparent defect about them that would tend to lessen their value or detract from their appearance.

Half the battle is in knowing exactly the sort of horse that will best suit you, and what you intend to use it for.

What the Saddle Horse Should Be

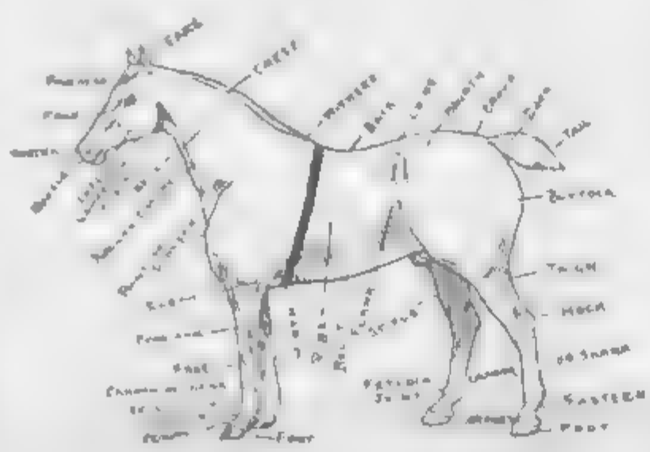
The horse chosen should be of slight or heavy build, according to the weight it has to carry Height as the owner may desire. It should have a fine, intelligent head, eye expressive of gentleness and docility a clean-cut, tapering neck, arched naturally so as to permit of perfect "bridling," or easy guidance by the rein; withers high and clean-cut, so as to permit of a good resting place for the saddle; shoulders well muscled but devoid of fat, and set sloping well into back, ribs well sprung; loins well muscled, denoting strength; well formed croup and dock set reasonably high; hind quarters lengthy; legs showing strong muscular development, cannon bones devoid of meat, flat rather than round, knees and hocks wide and free from defects; joints supple; pasterns long and elastic, feet sound and standing firmly the proper distance apart. The walk must be in perfect cadence, the canter easy, and the gallop showing plenty of scope.

If a horse is wanted for use in a light gig, phaeton or brougham, and with stylish rhythmical action, suitable for the park or for work on hard, smooth pavements in crowded thoroughfares, you will naturally select one of stout, blocky conformation, showing sufficient breeding to insure an energetic movement, and at the same time bulky enough to admit of its weight enabling the animal to pull a carriage without apparent effort. A horse of the true hackney stamp about fills this bill. For use on country roads, where speed rather than excessive style is required, the trotting-bred horse is, of course, preferable. But whatever class of horse is chosen for *fine* work in a carriage, it should have been trained exclusively for that purpose, and not for the saddle.

What the Harness Horse Should Be

The walk and trot must be its best gaits, as galloping will seldom be required. As heavy harness covers many small defects of shape, the head may be a little plainer than that of the saddle horse, the withers not so high and fine, and the shoulder not so oblique. The legs and pasterns may be shorter and stouter than those of the fine saddle hack, and powerful rather than elastic. The horse should possess rounder conformation throughout so as to fill harness, but in all other respects should partake of the good qualities of the finished hack, particularly as to depth through the heart, ribbing, loins, etc. Fine action is the *sine qua non* of a harness horse, and the legs and feet must move in a straight line and be lifted in regular cadence when looked at from the front or from the rear. The horse when at rest should have a stately demeanor.

Most beginners make the mistake of purchasing what is known as the "double-purpose" horse, and expect it to be satisfactory for riding and driving. As a matter of fact it can only be indifferent at either job. Much driving will lessen its value as a saddle horse, and frequent service under saddle will detract from its usefulness in carriage harness. The systems of training are totally different. The saddle horse is controlled by snaffle or double bridle and the pressure of a rider's legs and spurs, and balances itself upon its haunches. The carriage horse is driven in heavy curb bits, is urged by the whip, and, being accustomed to bear its weight upon the collar, balances itself upon its shoulders. There is, however, a great demand at the present time for



"double-purpose" horses, and the market is well stocked with animals above the average in quality that are pleasant to ride and make serviceable drivers, and, indeed, will catch the judge's eye at a horse show, if he is not too exacting

Useful horses may be purchased at many places and under a variety of circumstances In auction rooms or sale exchanges where public sales are conducted daily or weekly by auctioneers, reputable or otherwise, according to the status of the concerns and the auspices under which the sales take place; at horse shows; at the establishments of horse dealers; from farmers and breeders, from persons who advertise in the newspapers; from personal friends or acquaintances. Each of these methods has its advantages and disadvantages, depending upon the buyer's experience and purpose.

Auctions, Guarantees and Precautions

Horse exchanges of the first class are conducted according to strict business principles, are presided over by men well known in the highest social and commercial circles, and, having contracts with the great stock farms and influential firms that make it their business to collect and prepare for sale vast numbers of fine horses, it follows that these auction rooms are regarded as popular institutions and are well patronized. At these exchanges printed catalogues, setting forth the pedigrees and abilities of the horses offered and the warranty under which they are sold, are freely distributed

Consignors to such sales usually advertise their horses as being on exhibition for trial and veterinary examination prior to the day of sale, the vendor's responsibility to cease the moment sale is effected, or otherwise according to published conditions. Horses offered "without reserve" become the property of the highest bidder the instant the auctioneer's hammer falls. In some cases, however, vendors reserve the right of making one bid, or of withdrawing a horse, should the highest price offered be considered too low.

Buyers at auction or elsewhere cannot be too careful as to the wording of a warranty. "Sound; quiet to ride, also to drive, single and double," as the case may be, is a form of guarantee that may be relied upon "Has been ridden or driven" is indefinite, and may simply mean that a horse so described has been mounted for five minutes or less by a rough rider armed with sharp spurs and a club, or driven at a hair-raising pace by the side of an old exercise horse hitched to a cumbrous skeleton brake that it could not possibly injure

To be sure of picking a fairly good horse in the open market, it is well to inspect an animal before it reaches the auction room, for it is necessary to judge of its age, size, weight, conformation, color and soundness, and get some idea as to how the horse acts in its stall and in and out of harness. If you wait until the horse is brought before the auctioneer, and rattled around the ring and up and down the street while a crowd of people look on, you will only be able to make a superficial inspection, must necessarily take in much at a glance and leave the rest to chance. It is often wise to bid up to a certain sum on a pair of horses, as one very good animal is occasionally coupled to an indifferent one in order to sell the latter, in which case you obtain at least one fine specimen at something near its proper value.

The discarded horse can easily be disposed of later at a nominal figure. Do not hesitate to offer a fair equivalent for a good horse. Remember that it costs from $300 to $400 to raise to maturity and properly train any horse worth boasting about. Novices often let a really valuable animal slip for the sake of a few dollars, and are afterward astonished to find that some reputable dealer bid as much as $600, and from that to $1000, and secured the horse, he having standing offers at much higher figures from experienced amateurs, who very properly consider that a really good saddle hack, phaeton or brougham horse, likely to prove useful for from five to ten years, is easily worth $100 a year. Indeed, delivery companies rate few of their van horses at less than $200 a year. If you have the good fortune to pick up a bargain at $100 or less, you may consider that you have much to be thankful for.

Things Better Avoided

In bidding it is as well to keep as inconspicuous as possible and, catching the auctioneer's eye, merely nod to him, and he will usually raise the bid at the rate he has been accepting—say five or ten dollars at a time. If you call to him in a loud voice you are very like to draw the attention of the crowd to yourself and afford unscrupulous persons a chance to "bid up" a horse. Reputable auctioneers will not knowingly take such "by bids," but they cannot always tell whether or not a bid is *bona fide*

There are many advantages in buying a horse from a first-class dealer The opportunity presented of a full trial is worth at least

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"Limoges—Its People—Its China"
Containing much information, in print for the first time, about and French city, about French Chinas and [illegible] From kaolin—the finest made
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The QUEEN $10
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Kitchen Cabinet
Has a place for everything and everything in its place. Its use lightens labor and saves waste.
Roll Top and Drawers for Table Linen
Are Special Features.
A fine piece of furniture, an ornament in any household. For the country home, the house in town or flat. Made of hard wood, antique finish. Four styles.
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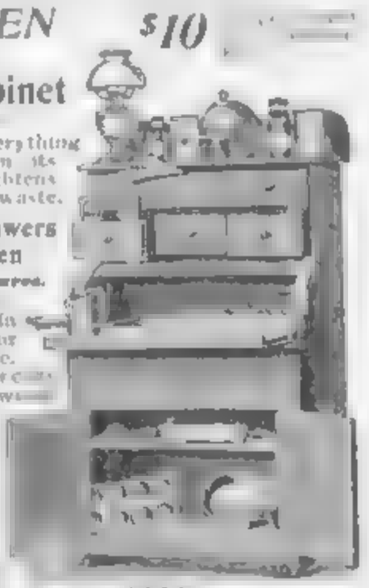

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Are perfect in action. Over 40 years' experience guides the manufacture. Get the [illegible] No tacks required. [illegible] Imitations, notice script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

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[illegible] is the sanitary cement wall coating which you have seen [illegible] It is pure, cleanly and durable. In 16 tints and white. Mix it with cold water and a chair
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Parquet and Hardwood
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[illegible]
Send for Book of Designs

ten per cent. of the price paid; the warranty of soundness and freedom from stable tricks and vices can be properly demonstrated; finally, many dealers exchange horses until the customer is satisfied. This, of course, in many cases necessitates additional cost, and several exchanges may prove very expensive. You can, however, take all the time you need at a dealer's stable. You may examine a dozen or more horses in their stalls, and note how they are tied, their stable manners, etc. As they stand in a row you can compare their hind quarters. Then, as the horse selected is brought out for critical inspection, you will note how it backs and turns, leads to halter, etc. Never stand with your back to a wall near a stable door. Candidates for sale are usually touched with a whip as they leave the stable, and are apt to resent it by kicking up their heels just as they emerge.

Points to Note in Selecting Your Horse

Let the horse to be examined stand naturally on level ground, and not stretched out as is customary, in order to make the horse's shoulder appear oblique and its croup horizontal

SALE HORSES NEVER LOOK BETTER THAN WHEN STOOD OUT ON HIGH GROUND IN A DEALER'S YARD

Take in the horse's outline and then note the harmony of the parts—fore quarter, middle piece and hind quarter. Compare the height, length, size and bulk of the animal

If the impression conveyed is favorable, proceed to a closer and more minute inspection of the parts. Examine the mouth, teeth and bony structure of the head to ascertain the age. Note the alertness of the ears and examine the eyes for blindness by moving the fingers near them to cause winking. Compress the throat to induce cough and thus try the breathing. Note condition of jugular channel or furrow. Press between the ears for poll evil. Note muscular development of neck, and fine quality of withers by feeling with the fingers. The bodily condition of the horse at shoulders, along the ribs, on the flanks, loins, quarters, etc., should then be determined. Examine carefully, and compare the knees and hocks by feeling them for defects, also by viewing them from all points—side, back, front and obliquely. Do the same with the cannon bones and tendons, fetlocks, pasterns and feet, each of which should be felt and looked at critically

The horse should be first walked, then trotted, and its action examined from front, rear and sides. On stopping, the horse's breathing should be carefully noted. Then let it be saddled or put into harness, as the case may be, note its manners while being dressed, and, lastly, test its abilities. A warranty or a veterinarian's certificate can then be called for and the price agreed upon.

Remember that sale horses are kept in the best possible condition, and never look better than when stood out on high ground in a dealer's yard, in front of a whitened wall. Dealers are usually masters of their art, and aside from their eloquence, have a knack of presenting horses in astonishingly fine shape.

The Major Strategy of Bargaining

At a horse show the buyer has the advantage of inspecting at leisure the prize winners selected by the judges, and, moreover, can here compare, as nowhere else, a great number of horses which, inasmuch as they are entered for competition, may justly be regarded as above the average in quality. Saddle horses up to light, medium and heavy weight, and carrying men or women riders—amateur as well as professional, according to the several classes—can there be critically examined. Again, these horses and others can be seen in all kinds of harness, light and heavy, and shown singly, in pairs, tandem and four-in-hand, thus demonstrating their entire scope and purpose

The tactics of judges and veterinary surgeons can be plainly noted, and not infrequently will exhibitors afford a prospective buyer an opportunity on the show grounds to ride or drive a horse which has caught his fancy. It is wise to make an offer on a show horse before it wins a prize, as afterward it may be held at too high a figure. On the other hand, bargains are often secured by waiting until a horse is beaten in the show ring, when, perhaps, the owner, in a fit of despondency, may dispose of it for a nominal sum.

Advertisements in the daily newspapers and sporting press offer many opportunities of purchase from private people who, for a variety of reasons, wish to dispose of their own or other people's horses. While many such advertisements are, of course, genuine and worth replying to, others are inserted by swindlers

Such alluring statements as, for instance, "The property of a widow lady" or of a "gentleman going abroad—inquire at private stable," or "sold for no fault, but for the purpose of securing a good home for a perfect [illegible]" "one month's free trial allowed," etc., are generally ignored by experienced horsemen. They do, however, appeal to conceited people, who, fancying they cannot be cheated, are always on the lookout for what they term bargains

If the horses were such great bargains the coachmen or grooms who care for them would quickly advise the dealers, who are always open to reward any one who will inform them of the whereabouts of a really good horse. It is, of course, unnecessary to warn novices against purchasing advertised horses that may have been stolen

Of the Ethics of Horse Dealing

Buying horses from farmers and breeders is, as a rule, perfectly satisfactory, in that pedigrees can be definitely ascertained and, for the most part, strong, healthy animals can be thus procured. The inclination is, however, to offer horses rather too young for immediate work, or that are imperfectly trained for city use, while perhaps being quiet and safe to drive or ride about country roads. Many breeders, however, regularly keep on hand horses fit for immediate service in town or country, and these horses will generally be found perfectly gentled and under control

Purchasing a horse from a friend is a questionable practice at best, and, on general principles, one not to be commended. Every man, without regard to his social standing, endeavors to present his horses in good, if somewhat fictitious, shape, and even the most conscientious do not, as a rule, dwell upon the defects of their own horses

Indeed it is common belief that a man may be honest in everything except the transfer of a horse. Even the clergy are not exempt, and the eccentric Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, who was noted for his racy sermons, attested it on one occasion when he was preaching against dishonesty in horse dealing. Pointing to the occupant of the reading desk below him, he said, "Nor are we, servants before the altar, always able to withstand temptation. There is my dear and venerable brother, the archdeacon; he is an instance of it. He once sold me a horse; it was unsound, I was a stranger and he took me in."

STERLING CYCLES

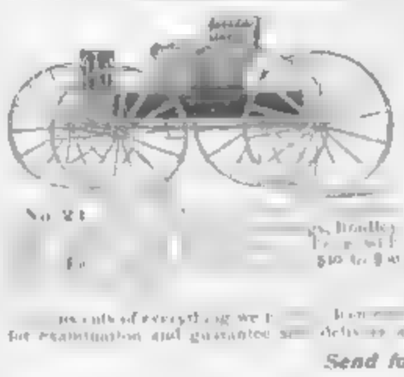
You see that fork? It is made of the finest tempered steel, and tested until we know that it won't break. No danger that it will snap under you at a critical moment. The Sterling isn't built that way.

Bevel-Gear Chainless, $60, $75
Chain Models
Roadsters, $40; Light Roadsters, $50
Tandems, $75

SEND FOR STERLING CATALOGUE

The Sterling Bicycle

501 Wells St., Chicago. 30 Warren St., New York



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WE HAVE NO AGENTS

[illegible] a factory of the size of [illegible] we do [illegible] exclusively [illegible] and at less cost [illegible]

[illegible] records of everything we [illegible] for examination and guarantee [illegible] warrant everything

Send for large free illustrated catalogue

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MANUFACTURING CO., Elkhart, Indiana

Light, Strong, Durable and Neat

$25 Buggy Harness For $15

THIS is the fleat Single Strap Buggy Harness ever produced for the money. All Hand Made, cut from the Best Oak Tanned Leather, Fine Track Saddle, with Metal [illegible] and rein tugs, [illegible] or Davis Rubber Trimming the [illegible] cannot duplicate this [illegible] Styles for the money. Try a set, and if not [illegible] as represented return at [illegible] we will refund the money

FRANK S. DURE CO. [illegible] factory to the consumer at wholesale prices
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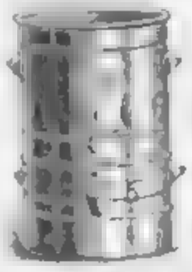
Is as necessary as good food. Don't invite malarial fever and kindred diseases this Summer by using city or well water that you are not sure of when

The Ruston
New-Process Water Still



Will remove every impurity, and make water otherwise po[illegible] luxury. T[illegible] cleaner [illegible] Gold Medal at Omaha Expo[illegible] Price $10.00. Send for booklet M.

THE A. R. BAILEY MFG. CO.
4 Cedar St., New York

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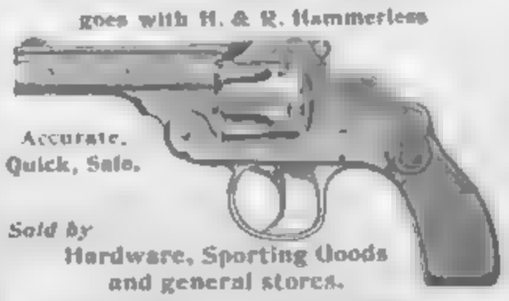
CATALOGUE FREE. 53 STYLES AND SIZES.
COLFAX, South Bend, Ind

New Buggy, $26

[illegible] Two Seasons Each [illegible] Buggies [illegible] Years' [illegible] Pay [illegible] Pay [illegible] Write immediately for SPECIAL OFFER

Union Buggy Co., 36-46 Saginaw St., Pontac, Mich.

Life Insurance goes with H. & R. Hammerless



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Catalogue P for the asking.

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Worcester, Mass.

TWENTY DOLLARS NET

Are You Deaf?

We have 25 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing. Sent on approval. Write for catalogue.

[illegible] WALLIS & [illegible] 31 South [illegible] Street, Philadelphia

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BEST by Test—74 Years. Largest Nursery. Fruit Book free. We Pay Cash Weekly and want More Home and Traveling Salesmen.

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.

The Value Of Reputation

A reputation based on half a century's experience, dealing directly with the women of the family all over the world, is unique, and stimulates a worthy pride. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY aims to maintain its well-earned reputation for fair dealing [illegible]. It is [illegible] its offices and [illegible] city of the world, and parts and supplies for its machines can always be easily obtained.

Sold on instalments

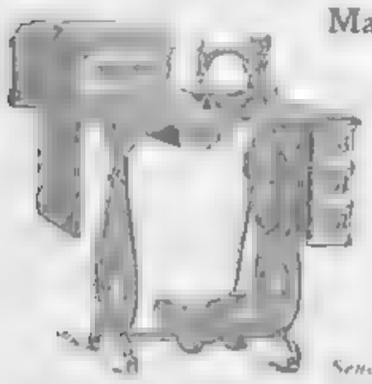
Old machines taken in exchange

The Singer Manufacturing Co.

Sewing Machine Makers for the World.

B. Eldredge AUTOMATIC

The Best All-Around Family Sewing Machine Made.



Easy Running, High Speed, Simple and Silent.

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BELVIDERE, ILL.

Chicago House, 40 JACKSON BOULEVARD. New York House, 93 READE STREET.

$2 to $6 a Day [illegible]

HARP-O-CHORD

A Mouth Harp and Zither combined. Sells like hot cakes. Every Mouth Harp player wants one. A Whole Band in one instrument, as easy one can [illegible] every-body. It [illegible] cheerful tune, soon [illegible] me, chorus, etc. Less [illegible] after first sale. Send [illegible] $1.00!

[illegible] buys it. Write to-day for agency.

The Harp-O-Chord Co., 28-30 L. St., Columbus, Ohio

DON'T SEW BUTTONS ON DUCK TROUSERS

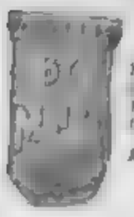
Buy here a Ball of Twine with Instructions. Pants and Jackets slip on in a jiffy. Press a little lever—they hold like grim death, but don't injure the fabric. Instantly released when desired. By mail 10c. each. Also catalogue showing other buttons and other useful novelties made with these fasteners, free on request.

AMERICAN RING CO., Box 98, Waterbury, Conn.

PATENTS FRANKLIN H. HOUGH Washington, D. C.

No Attorney's Fee until Pat[illegible]

Write for "Inventor's Guide"



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ANDERSON & CO., 239 Dock St., Philadelphia

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Wonder Instrument of the Age

A Musical Novelty, the Multiphone Cornet [illegible] become a virtuoso, and [illegible] playing music on this [illegible] instrument with 5 minutes practice. Postpaid, 50 cents, with full Concert Outfit.

NATIONAL MULTIPHONE CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Young Man's Companions

By William H. Maher

A FEW days ago the doors of a prison opened to admit a man whom I had known intimately for eighteen years. He had been tried and trusted, and was looked upon as proof against any temptation that could assail him; but he had fallen. His story was told in one sentence by his [illegible] for leniency: the man had made evil acquaintances, and these had dragged him down to their own level and to his ruin.

The business man who writes to young men out of his own experience feels as if it were unnecessary, and a mere waste of time, to say a word to them about the influence upon their lives of the company they choose—just as he would consider it superfluous to write an essay to prove that two and two make four. Yet every business man, in his dealings with his own clerks, is largely influenced in his opinion of their characters by his knowledge of the men they associate with out of business hours.

The first copy-book in which the boy practices writing tells him that "A man is known by the company he keeps." A little farther on he writes, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." These sentiments are presented to him in varying forms at every step, until they are forgotten because they are so hackneyed. He agrees with them thoroughly. He believes that they should be the guiding star of every boy—except himself. He is quite confident that he may make an occasional exception in his own line of action, and run no risk in doing so.

Old Business Men's Judgment of the Younger Ones

Very few young men settle down to their life-work in the community in which they spent their boyhood. They seek a change, [illegible] going to the new locality have it in their power to make new acquaintances and an entirely fresh circle of friends.

A young man is a sociable person. He enjoys being with other people. He needs the relaxation of association after his busy workday, and he looks upon each new acquaintance as a means by which he widens his world and increases the avenues to social pleasure. He imagines that he is safe in accepting every offer of acquaintanceship that is made to him, because there is nothing to prevent him, at a later date, from winnowing out the undesirable friends.

But every older man who has passed through this same experience will tell him that this winnowing process is much simpler in theory than in practice. Some men, yes, many men, do put this to the test, and in looking back see that though they were able to untangle themselves from associates that were undesirable and becoming dangerous, they shudder at the risks they run, as they also wonder how they escaped. They never recommend the experiment to others.

Not many people know a young man as he actually is. The men he works for, and the men he works with, know him fairly well—indeed usually far better than he knows himself—but outside of his workshop, or his place of business, men judge him by the occasional glimpses they have of him. They judge him

By his bearing, whether it is modest or assertive.

By his manner, whether or no it is quiet, courteous and thoughtful.

By his language, whether or no it is clean and refined, with evidence of education.

And last, but probably the most important of all, by the company he keeps.

A Good Instance of a Common Error of Belief

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that employers are indifferent to what a clerk is or does out of work hours. This state of affairs might be true in very large offices, but these are few as compared with the legions of smaller concerns that cover the business world. One of the brightest men of my acquaintance, one fast working to the head of a large concern, a place that meant a good salary and honors in the community, was brought face to face with this question when those in authority over him demanded his resignation, because they thought a man who was filling his position should not turn Sunday into a day of carousal. A man was found with very little trouble to take his place, but the discharged man was out of work for a year or two, and then accepted a situation at one-half his former salary.

An officer in an institution who [illegible] marvel of rapidity and accuracy, who never left his desk with any task lying there undone, fancied he had the right to make such acquaintances out of business hours as he pleased; but he lost his position through his unwarranted assumption and his future is probably ruined.

When a merchant sees his employee nod in a friendly way to a man who is known to be a gambler, he does not feel so easy in his mind thenceforward. He wonders where the acquaintanceship was made and how far it has gone. When he knows that a good friend of his clerk is one who is regular in his visits to the saloon, he fears that his young man is starting on the same course. When the boon companions of his clerk are a crowd of loud fellows who shift from one job to another at frequent intervals, he begins to look for some one else to take that clerk's place.

Those were good old days when the apprentice was taken into the house of his employer and made one of the family, but they are no longer possible. The employer can know the character of his clerk out of business hours only by observing what his pleasures and who his companions are.

The impression seems to be quite general that every young man who goes as a stranger to a larger place finds it much easier to make acquaintances among the bad and undesirable than among the better class. I think this is true only when the young man's tastes and desires lead him to seek naturally the company of the tainted.

If there are fifty saloons on his homeward route at evening, no one stands at the doors of these to compel him to enter; if he goes in it is because he desires to do so. If the lights [illegible] thought of these, and the life they represent, until they appear attractive to him.

No matter how poor he is he is not compelled to choose between a little bedroom in which to spend his evenings and the gorgeous drinking place. The entire property of the city is taxed to furnish him a reading-room and a library which exceed in volumes and comfort the finest library owned by the richest man of the town.

The Need of Support and Stimulus

Every young man who has tasted of the cup of wisdom is a timid man. He does not boast of his strength; he realizes that he needs every form of help he can secure; he knows that there are restraints that are helpful, for mistakes are both of omission and commission, and he puts himself in the way of influences that will hold him up in the time of trial. He needs these to keep him from that which is deteriorating, and to support him in the day of temptation.

He should select his boarding house with great care. If his pay is small, as it usually is with the boy who is starting in life, he is limited in his choice; but, admitting this, there still is a choice. A dark room, with a family of refinement, is far superior to a better one where ignorance and vulgarity preside over the household.

The young man should strive to make acquaintance with those who have homes, rather than with those who are boarders like himself. If such acquaintance leads to friendship, and the friend's home is opened to him, he has cause to congratulate himself and be thankful. He should strive by every way in his power to make his visits pleasant, so that he may continue to be welcomed where he can breathe the atmosphere of a home.

He should go to church. No one on earth needs the moral stimulus that regular church-going gives so much as the young man who is alone in a strange city. I am not suggesting that he should join a church; that is a matter between himself and his God. I do not say that he shall pretend to be religious, whether he is or not. I do not counsel that he shall play the hypocrite. I simply say that in order that his better nature may be frequently appealed to, and that he may place himself where good influences will meet him, he should be regular in his attendance upon church.

The poorest sermon that was ever preached, unless it was upon mere dogma, did good to some one of those who heard it. It may have lifted no one any nearer to the

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skies, and yet have been helpful in that it kept some one from dropping any lower than he was. I am writing as a business man, and writing of the worldly view of business, but I realize the great help it is to a young man that he should have noble ideals presented to him steadily; that his conscience should be kept alive and quickened; and that he should be obliged to look at himself in a mirror, where he can compare his own frailties with a perfect type of manhood.

Common-Sense Reasons for Bible Study

He should join a class in Sunday-school, and for two good reasons: the first, that he may read and study and know the Bible. I am taking it for granted that he is continuing his education, although out of school and at work. That education which ignores the Bible, whether the young man is a tinner's apprentice or a bookkeeper, is ill-balanced and superficial. This is not because it is, or is not, an inspired book. It is the history of all that is highest and lowest in mankind; the depths to which he can sink in degradation and despair; the heights that he might reach if he but would.

To join a Bible-class is to put one's self where one is studying the best literature, and making it a little easier to resist temptation during the week.

Another reason for joining a Bible-class, and one more directly in line with the heading of this article, is that it enlarges the circle of his acquaintances. I fancy that some critic will say I am encouraging him to pretend to be what he is not, for purely commercial purposes. But if he visits a saloon or billiard-room to seek acquaintances no one thinks of suggesting that he is playing the hypocrite. If a young man is coaxed into a church from the gutter; if he is then persuaded to join a class in Sunday-school, no one thinks of charging those who encourage him with aiding hypocrisy. And because a young man should seek these aids of his own accord, desiring to be among good people and under good influences, this seems to me to be both right and proper—and equally as far removed from the suspicion of hypocrisy. Now I am very careful not to suggest that he should join the church, that he should assume to be religious whether he is or not, or that he should be anything in the Bible-class but a scholar. These are matters of religion, not of business.

The Turning of the Old to the New Generation

All the world feels kindly toward a modest young man. He is Hope and Courage personified. He dares everything. The middle-aged watch him with a tinge of envy for the illimitable possibilities that shine in his eager face. His future is inscrutable, but the business world looks to him for its coming princes and kings. He will solve the riddles that defied his predecessors. He has inherited all their knowledge but is not handicapped by their timidity. They welcome his companionship, for his talk renews the happy days of their youth. They glow under his approval and admiration. Through him they hope to project themselves into the future when their own personality has disappeared. All they ask is that he shall treat them with respect, shall listen with some interest to their experiences, and pay some slight deference to their counsels. A word of praise from these men has weight in the business world, and this is so easily earned by a manly young man that it is a never-ending puzzle to me that so few of them strive for it, or put themselves in the way of obtaining it. The great masses of young men are so keen after "pleasures" and excitement that they fail to see or appreciate the hands of the older generation that are held out in friendly invitation.

The time will come, if the young man is friendly, when friendly hands will be held out to him, and instead of being invited to play "a game," or to see the "sights," or do that which, if his employers knew, would cost him his position, he will be introduced to clean, intellectual pleasures and companionships, and meet people whom he will be glad to know, and whose acquaintanceship will be a help and inspiration to him.

His employers and business acquaintances will have watched these steps with keen interest, and when there is an opening he will be pushed higher, for his character and associates give assurance of trustworthiness, self-control, self-respect and high aims. He has placed a high valuation upon himself, and the world accepts this as his true value. Only his own acts will ever change this judgment.

The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

(Continued from Page 1124)

At the other end of the table sat a small man with gray mustache and goatee.

The head waiter came forward with his ready napkin, brushed off an imaginary crumb at Mr. Sanders' elbow, picked up the glass of water, and substituted for it another glass that sat on the window-ledge.

"Have you given your order, sir?" he asked.

"I reckon I did," replied Mr. Sanders, "but it's been so long ago it seems like a dream."

"Would you like a dish of fried spring onions, sir? They are very fresh and tender."

"Would I?" exclaimed Mr. Sanders. "Well, I'd thank you might'ly to try me—I ain't had a mess sence I left the neighborhood of Salem."

The man who had the appearance of a divinity student leaned back in his chair and balanced his fork on the forefinger of his left hand. "Salem—Salem," he said. "Pardon me, sir, but where is Salem?"

"Well, ef they ain't been no harrycane nor yethquake, Salem is in the State of Injianny."

"Why, certainly—to be sure! What am I thinking about?" sighed the stranger.

"Reely, I couldn't tell you," replied Mr. Sanders.

The other smiled as he wiped his glasses. "Well, I should have known about Salem, for I went to college with a relative of mine from that town. In fact, I think I have a number of relatives in Salem."

"What's the name?" inquired Mr. Sanders in his matter-of-fact way.

"Webb."

"When did they move there?"

"Three or four years ago, I think."

"Sam Webb was the chap you went to college wi'?"

"Yes," the other assented.

"What kin was you to him?"

"Cousin—first cousin."

At this Mr. Sanders leaned back in his chair and laughed until he was red in the face.

"What's the joke?" inquired the man who looked like a divinity student.

"Well, ef I ain't got old Granny Webb on the hooks, I don't want a cent!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders with a fresh burst of laughter. "Here she's been tellin' me for long years that there ain't a runt in the Webb family, on narry side, for generations, an' I ain't no more'n got to town before the little fust cousin runs under my hand same as a tame rat."

The hit was so palpable and so unexpected that even Bethune joined in the roar that came from the others around the table. The first cousin laughed, too, but it was plain to see that he was more irritated than pleased.

"But don't you fret, my friend. Steve Douglas is a runt, but he's a mighty big man, all the same. I was a Douglas man before the war, but after Old Abe up'd an' said he was for the Union, nigger or no nigger, why then I was a Lincoln man."

"And yet," said the first cousin persuasively, "they say there are a good many Southern sympathizers around and about in places."

"I reckon that's so," said Mr. Sanders. "My farm has been cleared a good many year, but hardly a spring passes but what I have to kill a snake or two."

Bethune noticed that a great change had come over the head waiter. He was fairly beaming on the guests as they came and went. In fact, he was radiant. His eyes sparkled and his whole manner showed that he was a well-pleased man. As for Bethune, he was astonished at the ease with which Mr. Sanders had handled a dangerous adversary. He had known that his companion possessed a courage that was absolutely invincible, but now Mr. Sanders was displaying a new and a rarer quality.

The stranger made no more remarks, but addressed himself to his dinner and hurried through it. As he was rising from the table, Mr. Sanders took his knife from his mouth to say:

"Ef you ever come out to Salem to visit your kin, lope out to my farm. It's about four miles out on what they call the Kaintucky pike. I'll tell Granny Webb I seed you; she'll be tickled to death."

"Why, thank you," replied the stranger. "I shall certainly call on you should I ever come to Indiana."

"So do!" Mr. Sanders rejoined.

Whereupon the spectacled man and his bewhiskered companion retired.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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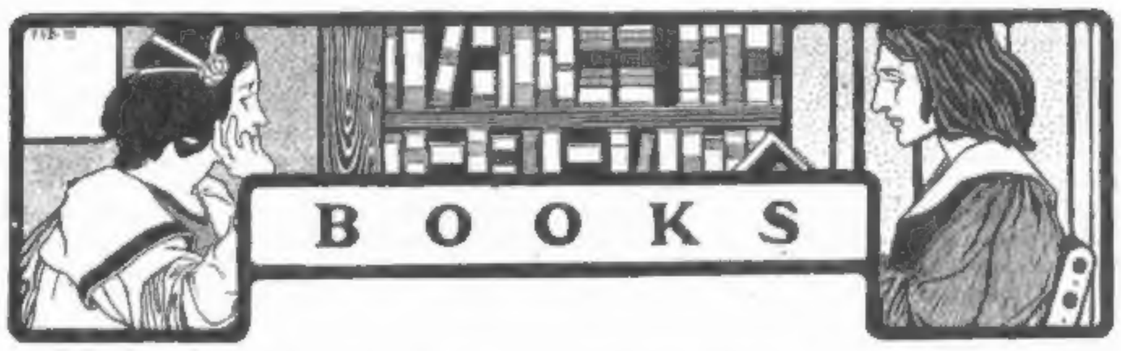

The Voice of the People*

I like this book, and there is really no reason for not saying so "first off," instead of mildly implying it in the last lines. A great character, with a relieving note of imperfection, and a supreme act of self-sacrifice—for these things the world cares more than it cares for terrapin and champagne, though you would not always think so.

Ellen Glasgow is said to be young, but her generosity and directness disarm any sour analysis of the limitations of her youth. She does not always blend cunningly the relations of man to his surroundings. Sunset, moonlight and the changing moods of the seasons properly play their part in the human drama, but in The Voice of the People they are sometimes intrusive and unrelated. Thomas Hardy would help the author, whose sensibilities are finer, as yet, than her mechanics. Character sketching, with a strong relish for idealization, is the strength of the book.

It matters little if this is a faithful showing of Southern people to-day; it matters much that a Southern woman should have the impulse to write so feelingly and with so large a tolerance. Forgiveness and fair-mindedness are on every page, while bitterness seems alien to her nature. All else tends naturally to the need for concentration on one central figure, that of a lad born in the pitiful humility of a "poor white" family. His father worked with entire fidelity over his profitless acres of peanuts; his stepmother, gauntly tragic, ruled a sordid little kingdom. From these conditions, the boy, inspired by that which lights every darkness, would escape. He fell back, enthralled by inheritance, but again and again went forward. He became Governor of Virginia, and died, seeking to purify the Old Dominion from that hideous blemish on the South—a disparagement of its own constituted law. To work out this development of character it was needful that Nick Burr should lose, of a sudden and blamelessly, the light which had guided him to a point—a woman's love. Of the two he was the worthier, and, unerringly, he had to see it. Victory over himself and his obstacles brought him strength and also hardness, though this was eventually softened by an act of forgiveness.

I am conscious of saying the handsome thing of two books, in letting myself fancy that in Nick Burr is to be seen the Peter Stirling of the South; self-centred, humane, absolutely rock-bound in his fealty to political honor—not a priggish honor, but the sort which defies the enemies of the State with granitic stubbornness. I like to think of the basic qualities of this red-maned giant, of a homeliness akin to that of Mirabeau; they bade him, at the two greatest crises of his life, to curse roundly and fundamentally, when other men would have framed a sentence. As I said, I like this book. It is almost good enough to be excluded by Reading Committees from the Public Libraries. —*Lindsay Swift.*

Andromeda†

Mr. Buchanan's Andromeda has a far harder time than that famous Princess of ancient Hellas whose name she bears. Instead of being of the blood royal she is hampered from the outset by unpleasantly obscure antecedents. The place of her captivity is not the lovely land of the fable, but the dreariest island washed by the waters of the Thames, while the mythological dragon was a playful domestic animal compared to the monster who claims this modern Andromeda as his lawful prey. Moreover, the unfeeling author even denies her the consolation of the godlike hero she has every right to expect, giving her as a substitute for the courageous Perseus an inane youth of pleasing exterior and emotional temperament, whose calibre can be gauged accurately and dispassionately by the simple statement (we have Mr. Buchanan's word for it) that he is addicted to the lavish use of scented soap.

The plot hinges on a decidedly hackneyed situation—the inopportune return of the piratical villain after his certified death in a California mining camp. It seems impossible for English novelists to find a spot in America where their villains can be successfully disposed of. It must be very discouraging to have them always back on their hands again! But let them take heart, for there is light ahead; our new Pacific possessions offer a promising field for permanent banishment.

Mr. Buchanan evidently saw through a fog darkly while writing Andromeda, as a gloomy atmosphere pervades the book from cover to cover. There is no mirth, none of the joy of life, or that tender sentiment we naturally look for in a self-styled idyll; but in spite of this he tells his story interestingly and it doubtless holds the dramatic possibilities he claims for it. For stage purposes, however, his choice of the early Victorian era was an unwise one, as there is no period more hopelessly inartistic.

—*Evelyn J. Curriden.*

*The Voice of the People. By Ellen Glasgow. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

†Andromeda. An Idyll of the Great River. By Robert Buchanan. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

Glimpses of New Books

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson in The Biography of a Grizzly follows the careful, painstaking method with brush and pen which marked his earlier Wild Animals I Have Known. The story of Wahb the Grizzly is carried from his cubhood to his old age and ultimate death. Mrs. Thompson has, as heretofore, lent her skillful supervision to the letterpress. *The Century Company.*

Now that the rush to Cape Nome is on, Mr. Tappan Adney's account of the Klondike Stampede rings like a note of warning. Mr. Adney was in the diggings during 1897 and 1898, and illustrates his narrative with many photographs. *Harper & Brothers.*

"A sand burr is a foolish, small vegetable, irritating and grievously useless; therefore," announces Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, "this volume of sketches is named Sand Burrs." It really isn't so bad as that. It may be true that, as Mr. Lewis says later, "the Bowery dialect is not an exalted literature," but it would be difficult to stop long enough to be irritated at any one of such a shifting, turning crowd of faces and figures as press the streets of the East Side. And as for their being foolish—why, we have the author's word for it that they are all true! *Frederick A. Stokes Company.*

Mr. C. W. Van Der Hoogt, in The Story of the Boers, writes of the current events in South Africa in a natural spirit of race sympathy. He characterizes the events leading up to the war as a century of injustice, and looks upon English interpretations of the various conventions at Sand River, Pretoria, and London with scarcely a more kindly eye. Mr. Montagu White prefaces Mr. Van Der Hoogt's volume with a plea for the policy of mediation. *Harper & Brothers.*

When was it that Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Harbor? May 1, 1898, wasn't it? Two years ago, roughly; and since then Mr. Edward Strateymeyer has had time to be Under Dewey at Manila, to be Fighting With a Young Volunteer in Cuba, and by some Pucklike rapidity of movement, at the same time to be Fighting in Cuban Waters. Shortly after, he served Under Otis in the Philippines, and by the same marvel of ubiquity took part in The Campaign of the Jungle, Under Lawton. At least, he writes about all these things; he must then have been on the field to have described them; he would not dare impose on us, surely. Literature used to be a contemplative and quiet, loving profession—trade, if you will. It has indeed become a pursuit in these days. To what lengths will love of local color carry us! *Lee & Sheppard.*

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A Biography of Marie Corelli

Miss Marie Corelli's biography in that entertaining volume, Who's Who, is one of the longest in the book, and gives a fairly detailed sketch of her career. But the fact that nowhere else can much more be found concerning the novelist marks Miss Corelli off from most of the authors whose names are ranged with hers. Miss Corelli has believed in frankness in novels but not in sensation in newspapers. Paradoxically enough, however, her refusal to be interviewed, or to have her picture printed, has been more sensational than all the personal journalism which has helped to make the fame of other writers. It is said now, however, that Miss Corelli means to relax her austerity somewhat, and that, under her own supervision and with her own approval, a volume is to be prepared giving an account of her life and the story of her literary career and its aims. The book will be extremely interesting, for even those who deny Miss Corelli's rights to claim permanent literary merit cannot deny that she has been a striking and forcible figure.

Those who know her say she is a most interesting personality as well. They are not many, however, for, even when she lived in London, Miss Corelli's life was a retired one and she went little to the regular haunts of writers and journalists. Her habits of work led her to the quiet of the country. It was tucked away in a corner of Hants that an American visitor, on one of those literary pilgrimages to which Americans are so faithful, asked of the broad-faced landlord if it was not under his roof that Keats had written his Endymion, and might she not see the room. "Keats—Keats!" The landlord scratched his grizzled head—and then, with a sudden brightening: Ah! but he could show the room where Marie Corelli had written The Sorrows of Satan.

For the last few years Miss Corelli has been living in Stratford-on-Avon, less than ever in touch with literary London. A few friends come to see her, that is all. Miss Corelli's first house in Stratford was a very ancient one, said to have been built by Shakespeare's son-in-law. Later she has moved to a house called Avon Grange, which, if less rich in historical memories, is a no less charming house. Miss Corelli is an acquisition to Stratford, and is ready to help in any public or charitable enterprise. London could not make her leave her retirement, but Stratford has induced her even to open bazars with a speech for the charity in aid of which the sale was held.

Max O'Rell's Slim Young Man

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) was a sick man when he came to this country last fall. Naturally his American experiences were not exhilarating. On the night before he sailed for Europe he told a party of friends the most exasperating happening of the lot.

"This is not the first time I have been in America," he said. "I know the customs of the land and the people, and when the ship landed I was prepared for the American interviewer. I have met him before.

"Among the reporters was a slender youth from one of the big morning papers. I knew the editor and I thought he would give me a good show, so I spread myself for this lad. I spoke well. I spoke eloquently. I did the subject justice. Before leaving I made an appointment to meet this particular young man at my hotel at nine o'clock the next morning.

"When I opened that slim young man's paper the next day I was speechless with anger. Not a word of my interview appeared, but the youth had written about the bald spot on my head, making it larger. He had described how my nose had grown more prominent; how my cheeks had fallen away, and how I had lost my color. He told about my decrease of weight and described my legs as 'pipe stems.' I was walking the floor when the young man came in and by a violent effort I controlled myself. Then I said to him as calmly as I could:

"'My dear young man, I have been reading your account of me and I notice that you have described in detail every part of my body except my foot, and now, sir, I propose that you shall feel that, and you shall learn, sir, that I have not lost all my strength yet even if I——'

"But before I finished the reporter fled."

Authors at Home and in the Field

Opponents of Mr. Kipling's political views upon South African questions are fond of saying that he is no longer a literary man, but only a politician. Yet one may still be allowed to call him the most prominent writer who is at the Cape. It is said, however, that Mr. Kipling himself has little idea that any fiction will result from his present trip south. Of Dr. Conan Doyle, on the other hand, much may be expected. He will unquestionably do valuable work in the hospital service, but if he has any political views to put forward he will probably embody them in a novel, as he did his views on Egypt in The Tragedy of the Korosko.

The man who knows South Africa best, and whom one would perhaps most like to see there, Mr. Rider Haggard, is now so immersed in the problems of English farming that he seems to have given up writing fiction, and traveling as well. Mr. A. E. W. Mason is at home in London, writing furiously, only because a slight defect in his eyesight kept him from being accepted when he tried to enlist.

Of the usual war correspondents, Mr. Poultney Bigelow has been too ill to go to the front, and Mr. Stephen Crane is still in the quiet of Sussex—perhaps because he is married, and marriage sometimes induces men to give up the undoubted dangers of war correspondence. It is said that if poor G. W. Steevens had come safely home from the Cape it would have been his last campaign—that he had promised his wife it should be. Mr. Richard Harding Davis was accompanied by his wife when he left London. Mrs. Davis would have gone to the front unhesitatingly had the authorities been willing, and those who know her say that she would have made as daring and resourceful a journalist as any there. As it is, it is likely that she and her prize bulldog Jaggers will push up from Cape Town as fast as military rules and regulations will allow. Naturally among the correspondents are some who are novelists as well. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's Savrola is just out, and many readers will remember Mr. H. E. Nevinson, correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, as the author of delicious stories of life in the London East End.

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Our First Marine Bands

By EDGAR STANTON MACLAY

AUTHOR OF A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

BECAUSE Uncle Sam did not have a brass band in the navy during the Revolution, it does not follow that he possessed the savage breast that refused to be soothed by the charms of music. On the contrary, he has shown a decided liking for the Muse, but being a poor young man at the time of his struggle for liberty, his only means of gratifying this passion were a drum and fife; or perhaps by whistling, accompanied by a pair of bone clappers. At any rate there is no record of a band of music being aboard a United States warship until 1802—and, shameful to say, that band was deliberately stolen.

The robbery was perpetrated by Captain Daniel McNiell, of the twenty-eight-gun corvette Boston. McNiell was an officer famous in the early navy for absolute fearlessness and a somewhat eccentric twist in his character which led him into several curious predicaments. In 1802, while the Boston was at Messina, a band belonging to one of the regiments quartered at that city came aboard, just to show the "wild men" from the New World what music was like. The "wild men," it seems, appreciated the concert too much, for Captain McNiell promptly tripped anchor, made sail and stood out to sea. In spite of the frantic appeals and protests of the unfortunate musicians, the Boston passed out into the Atlantic and made America in due time, with the musicians aboard.

Of course our Government was not going to war over a lot of kidnaped musicians, so Captain McNiell's act was promptly disavowed and that officer was not again put in a position where his love for a marine band could get the better of his discretion. It is interesting to note, however, that the Government was not so prompt in returning the musicians to their homes. In fact several of them were homeward-bound in the frigate Chesapeake, in 1807, when that ship was captured—and again these luckless musicians were thrown on their beam ends.

The Capture of the Macedonian Marine Band

The first band of music in the United States Navy having been acquired by theft, we need not be surprised to find that the second band was captured by force of arms. In her cruise in which she was captured by the forty-four-gun frigate United States, the English thirty-eight-gun frigate Macedonian had a band of eight musicians aboard. Captain Carden, the commander of the Macedonian, apparently had some difficulty in inducing these men to serve in his ship, for we find it stated that they insisted on a clause in their contract which stipulated that, in case of battle, they were to be put somewhere down in the hold where they would be safe. Accordingly, when the doughty British ship fell in with the United States, these musicians promptly reminded Captain Carden of this clause and forthwith they were stowed away in the cable tier. When the Americans came aboard to take possession they discovered these men and took them aboard the Yankee craft. Decatur, the American commander, took a great fancy to these musicians and induced them to enlist in his ship. This was the band that astonished the people of New York when the United States, with her prize, arrived at that port. The American crew landed at New York, marched uptown preceded by the band.

This was the only real live band in the American Navy at that time and Decatur enjoyed the distinction of having it aboard the vessels he commanded. Accordingly, when the war with Algiers broke out, in 1815, and Decatur was placed in command of the new forty-four-gun frigate Guerrière, he managed to smuggle his band aboard the ship. He finished up that war in true man-of-war's style, and after the conditions of peace had been signed he landed his band and gave the natives a purely American rendering of Hail Columbia.

Bands were very rare in British warships at that time. Captain Broke, of the Shannon, Carden's ranking officer, was very fond of music, but had not succeeded in smuggling a brass band aboard the Shannon. In his action with the Chesapeake, June 1, 1813, he was desperately wounded. One day on the passage to Halifax, during a very heavy fog, the Shannon's people were startled by the shrill piping of the tune, Yankee Doodle. Many thought that an American frigate had approached under cover of the fog and was about to give battle. The piper, however, proved to be the Shannon's. He had been ordered to play that air by Captain Broke himself, who quaintly remarked: "I thought nothing would cheer me up so much as that old tune."

Decatur did not long enjoy the honor of having the only band in the navy. Many of our early commanders were musically inclined and encouraged their men in the formation of marine bands. In those large ship companies there were sure to be some who were proficient in the use of various musical instruments, and, under the fostering care of a friendly commander, they were not long in organizing bands, so that soon after the close of the war of 1812 marine bands in our war craft were the rule rather than the exception.

A Band that Astonished the Natives

Captain Edward Trenchard, while commanding the twenty-gun sloop of war Cyane—captured in 1815 from the British by Old Ironsides—notes in his private journal that a band of music had been organized by the members of the crew. This band was called on to perform at all festive occasions and "played regularly once a day for practice." It is not probable that the Cyane's band attained the high degree of excellence of our modern marine bands. The musicians of the high seas in those days did not occupy the important position they hold to-day in first-class warships, and the few manipulators of wind and brass instruments in the Cyane would have made a poor showing to the cultivated ear of the modern tar, who is used to the best of martial music.

It is recorded, however, that the Cyane's band made a great impression on the natives of the western coast of Africa, where that ship, in 1820, was stationed. To hear this wonderful band was one of the great events along this coast and its fame extended even to the islands of the sea. On May 19 the Cyane put into Port Pray after a cruise in search of slavers. The people there had heard of her band, and scarcely had her anchor been dropped when a messenger came aboard with the announcement that "His Excellency, the Governor-General, solicits the pleasure of Captain Trenchard's company, with that of all the officers of the Cyane, to tea this evening, and would be highly gratified with having a few tunes from Captain Trenchard's band, which he solicits may be permitted to come on shore with their musical instruments, as the evening will be rendered delightful and pleasant by a full moon."

This enchanting invitation to tea and a "full moon" was sent through one Hodges, an English-speaking person on the island, who was to act as interpreter. Captain Trenchard accepted the invitation and called on the Governor. After a decent amount of time had been allowed the Americans for the contemplation of the tea and the "full moon," the natives were treated to the awe-inspiring sounds from the Cyane's band. With forethought, bred of experience, the bandmaster labeled in advance the tunes he was about to render so that there would be no dispute among the auditors on that point.

There can be no question of the stimulating effect of music at all times, and especially at moments of national interest. The policy of American naval administrations for a century has been to discourage the use of alcohol in the navy, while the average British commander was dealing out extra grog to his men on the eve of battle. Advanced civilization has shown that intoxicating beverages are a most dangerous and altogether unsatisfactory stimulant in time of battle, but the band of music, and even the drum or fife alone, have always been found a most potent means of stimulating the men to extraordinary exertions. Hence it is that the marine band has come to stay.

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